

November

BLUE BOLT

10¢

15¢

IN CANADA
INCLUDING TAX

BLUE
BOLT

STAR AIR LINES

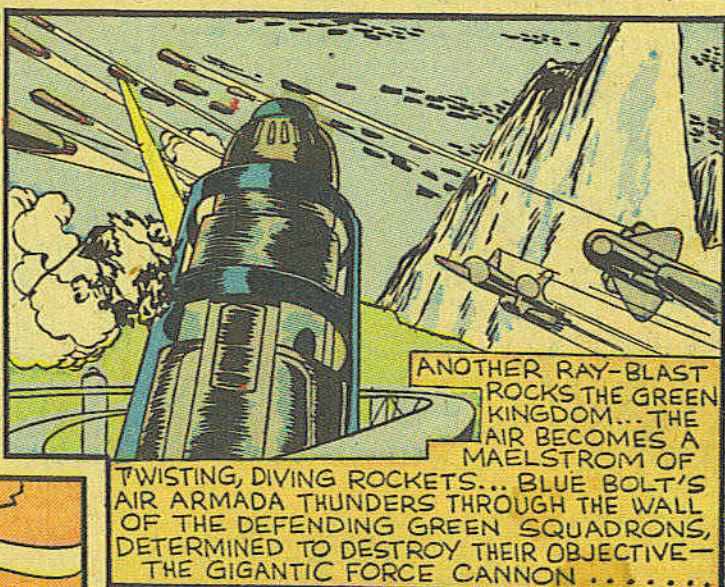
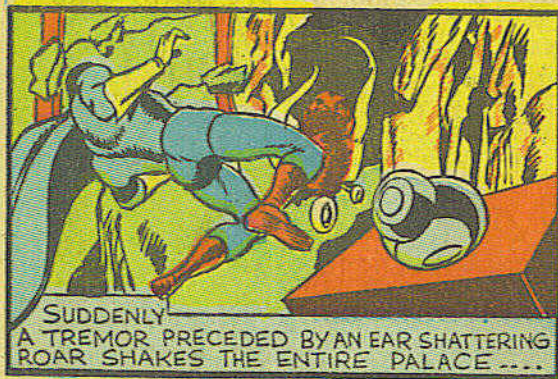
Nerves steeled, Dick Cole edged
toward the Door of the Plane.

Featuring:
BLUE BOLT
SUB-ZERO MAN
SERGEANT SPOOK
DICK COLE

Vol. 1—No. 6

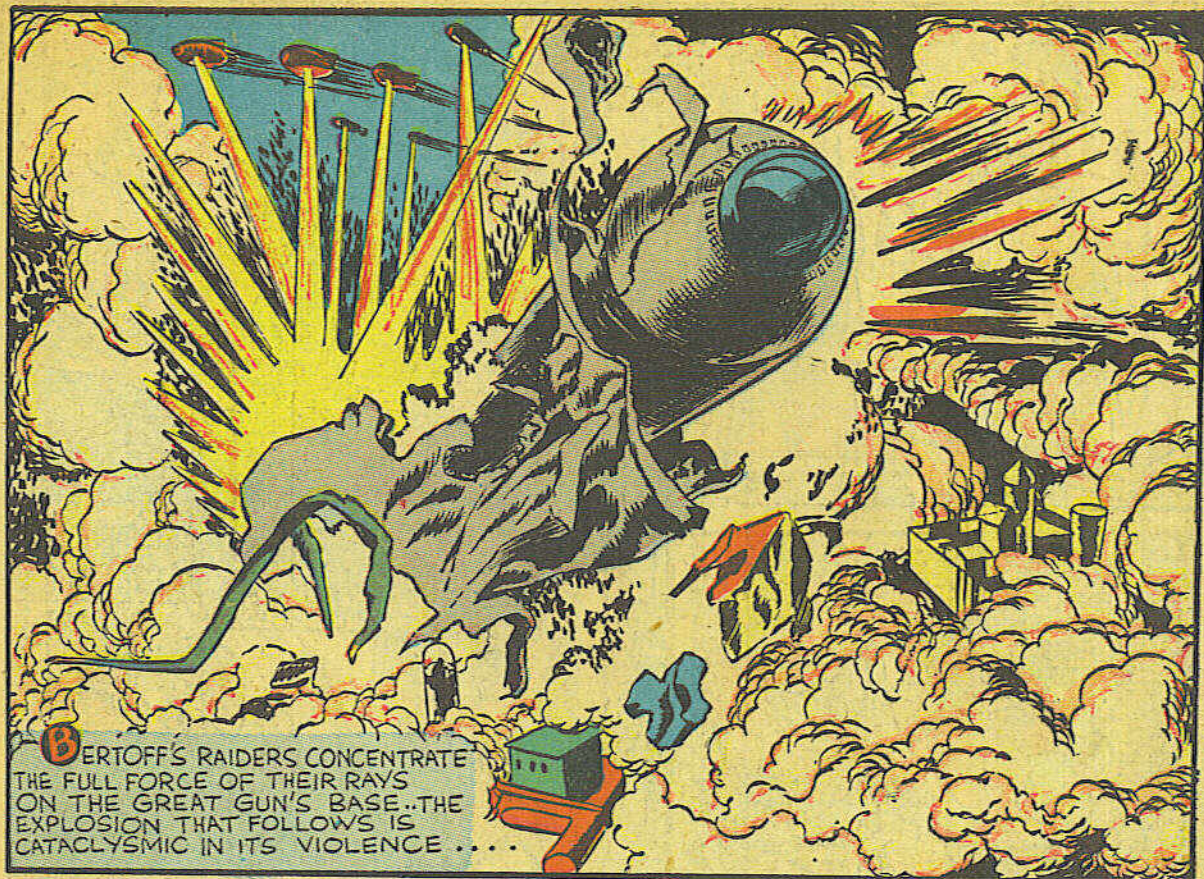


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

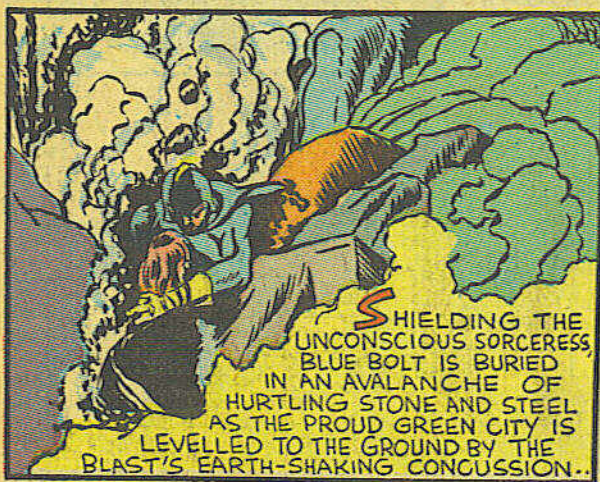


MEANWHILE, SEATED AT THE CONTROL OF HIS ROCKET, BERTOFF SNAPS CRISP ORDERS TO HIS ATTACKING BOMBERS..

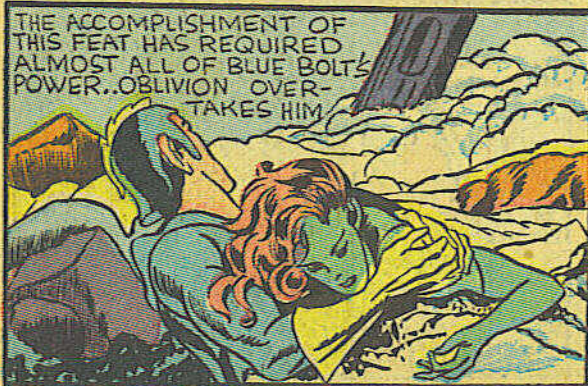




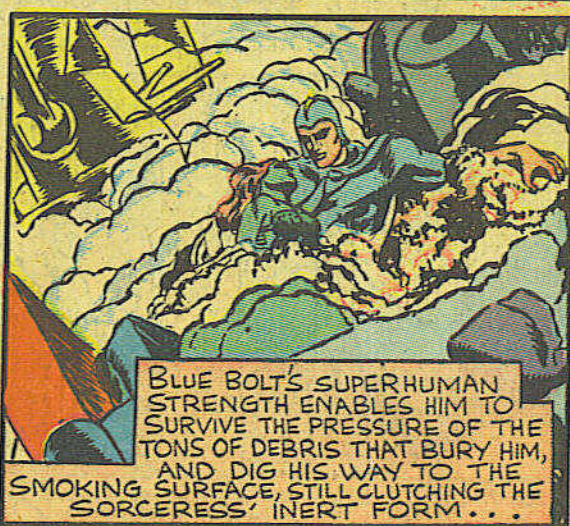
BERTOFF'S RAIDERS CONCENTRATE THE FULL FORCE OF THEIR RAYS ON THE GREAT GUN'S BASE..THE EXPLOSION THAT FOLLOWS IS CATAclySMIC IN ITS VIOLENCE



SHIELDING THE UNCONSCIOUS SORCERESS, BLUE BOLT IS BURIED IN AN AVALANCHE OF HURLING STONE AND STEEL AS THE PROUD GREEN CITY IS LEVELLED TO THE GROUND BY THE BLAST'S EARTH-SHAKING CONCUSSION..



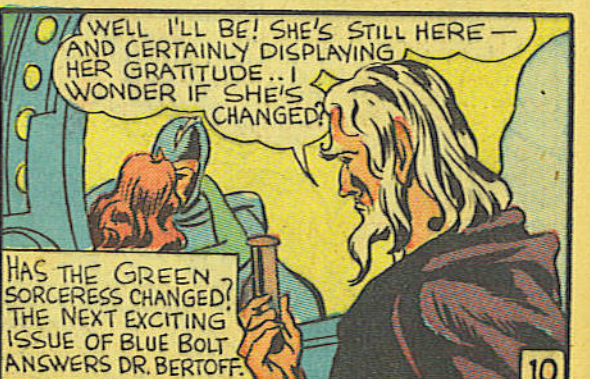
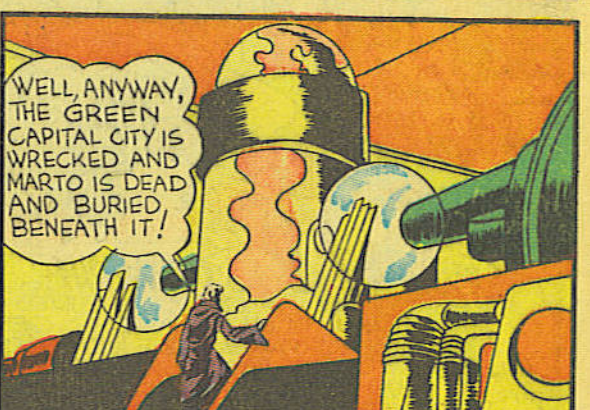
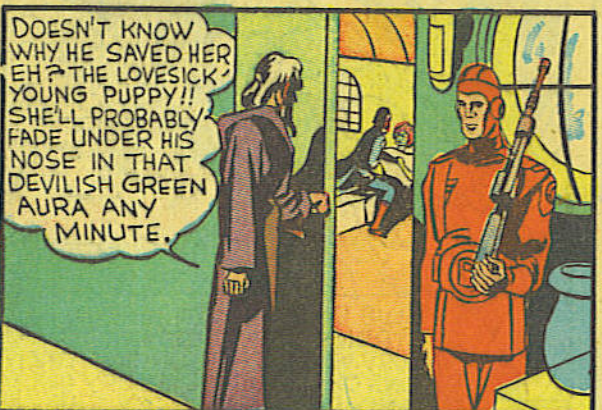
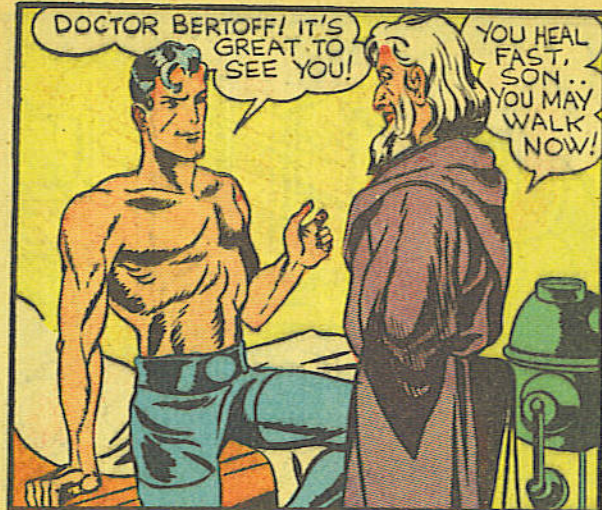
THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS FEAT HAS REQUIRED ALMOST ALL OF BLUE BOLT'S POWER..OBLIVION OVER-TAKES HIM



BLUE BOLT'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH ENABLES HIM TO SURVIVE THE PRESSURE OF THE TONS OF DEBRIS THAT BURY HIM, AND DIG HIS WAY TO THE SMOKING SURFACE, STILL CLUTCHING THE SORCERESS' INERT FORM...



THE GLARE OF BERTOFF'S VITALA REFLECTORS STIRS HIM FROM HIS COMA..

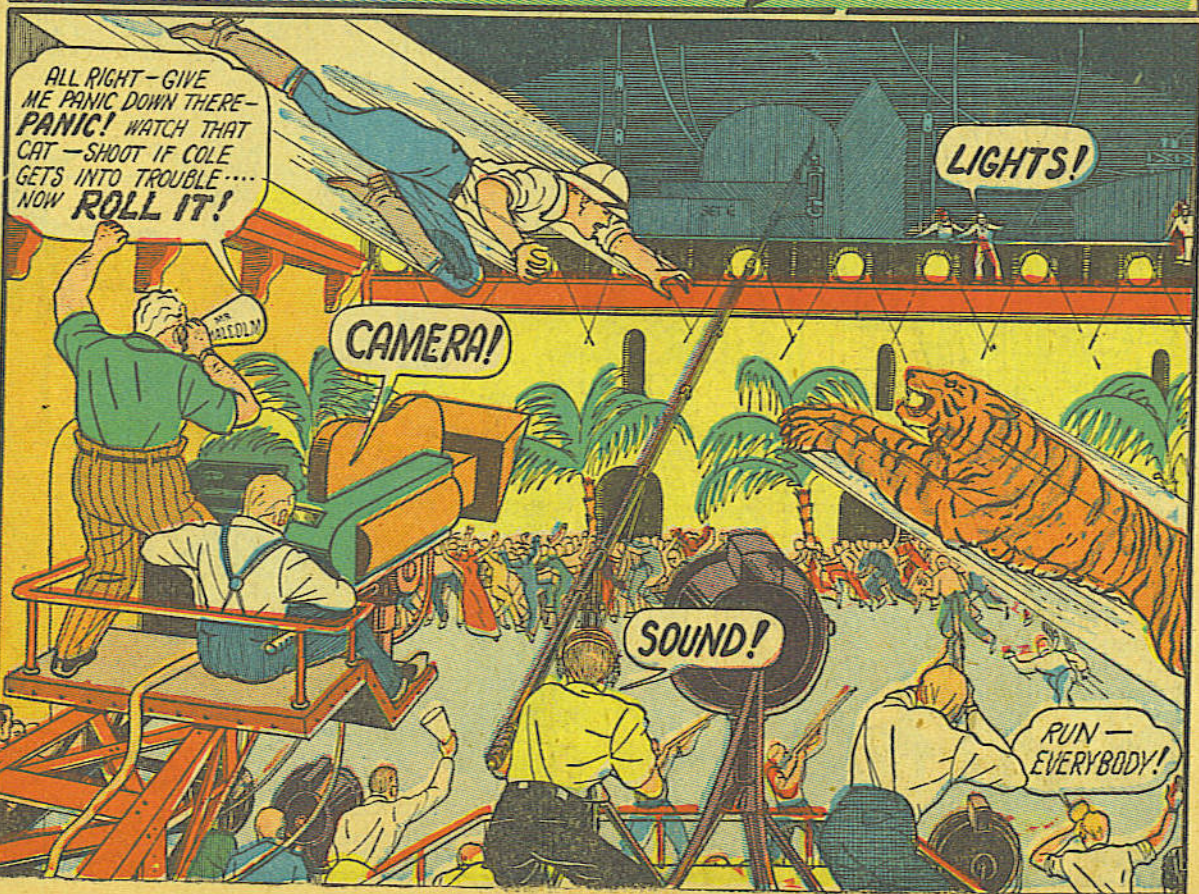


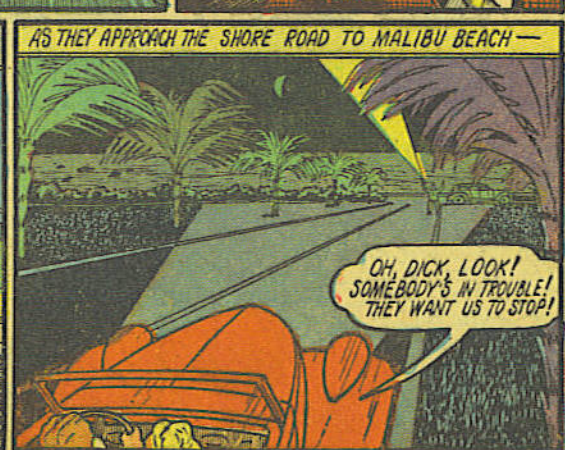
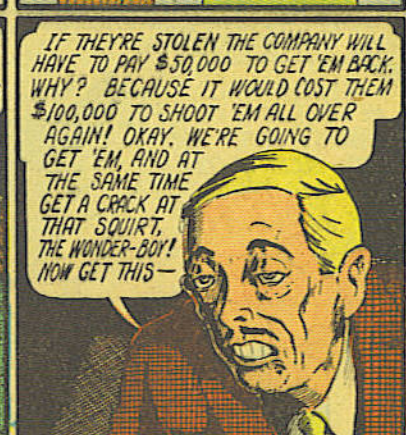
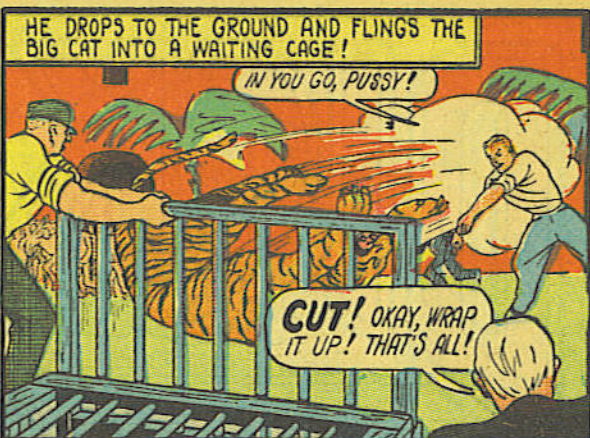
DICK COLE

WONDER — BOY

By Bob Davis

DICK IS IN HOLLYWOOD AT UNITED STUDIOS, ACTING AS A STUNT MAN AND DOUBLE FOR THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, BERT HART... FOR WEEKS THEY HAVE BEEN SHOOTING THE PICTURE, 'SHINING STAR,' AND NOW THEY ARE JUST ABOUT TO COMPLETE IT. THE GREAT SOUND STAGE IS SET, AND DICK IS FLYING INTO THE FINAL ACTION SHOT.





DICK SLOWS TO A STOP ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HEY, THERE—CAN YOU GIVE—
OKAY, GANG, IT'S COLE!

...THEN, SENSING DANGER, LURCHES AHEAD AGAIN ...

STOP 'EM!

HEY!

NO-O-YOU DON'T!

JUMP INTO OUR CAR! CHASE 'EM!

PANG!
PANG!

IT'S THAT AWFUL
PHIL CARP, DICK!
I SAW HIM!

BANG!

THE RAT! I SHOULD HAVE PRESSED
THOSE OLD CHARGES
AGAINST HIM—WOW!
THERE GOES A TIRE!

WE'LL HAVE
TO JUMP!

HERE WE GO!

LUCKILY A CLUMP
OF BUSHES BREAKS
THEIR FALL.

CRASH!

OUT OF CONTROL,
THE SPEEDING
CAR PLUNGES
WILDLY OVER
THE CLIFF!

ALL RIGHT NOW, WONDER-BOY—GET UP
THERE! AND ONE SQUAWK OR
FAST MOVE FROM YOU, AND
BETTY LEE GETS IT—
UNDERSTAND?

COME
ALONG,
TOOTS!

GET HIM!

BELT
HIM!

AN-H-H!

SOCK!

CARP AND HIS EVIL
CRONIES LEAP DOWN
THE CLIFF TO DRIVE
THEIR ADVANTAGE
HOME ...

STUNNED FROM THE FALL, DICK IS
UNABLE TO RESIST THEIR VICIOUS ASSAULT!

BACK ON THE ROAD, CARP PRODUCES
A STUDIO MAKE-UP PENCIL —

OKAY, PUGGO, KEEP
THIS CUTIE COVERED
WHILE I DO A LITTLE
ART WORK ON HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU
TIN-HORN CROOKS
TRYING TO PULL?

I GOT HIM
COVERED, CARP!

UP YOU
GO, SIB!

—AND DEFTLY PAINTS A MUSTACHE ON
DICK'S UPPER LIP

THERE WE ARE —
NOW YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE MR. BERT HART!
GET IN THE
CAR, AND
WE'LL
START!

START FOR
WHERE?

WE'RE GOING BACK
INTO TOWN, WONDER-BOY, AND
YOU ARE GOING TO GET US
INTO UNITED STUDIOS!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK,
CARP!

SHALL I
CHOKE
THE BABY
A LITTLE,
CARP?

EITHER YOU PRETEND YOU'RE
HART, GET US PAST THE GUARDS
AND INSIDE, OR WE CUT BETTY
UP IN LITTLE PIECES! NOW—
WHICH IS IT?

OH-H-!

YOU ROTTEN
DOG!

WHICH IS IT? WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

OKAY—YOU GET IN! BUT—

AT THE
GATES
STRAW-HAT
HARRIS
GUN-PRODS
DICK UP
TO THE
STUDIO
GUARDS.

EVENING, MR. HART.
WANT TO COME IN?

YES—

UNITED STUDIOS

OKAY, SIR—

THANKS.

OKAY, "STRAW-HAT," HERE'S
THE CUTTING-ROOM ON THE
RIGHT! PULL UP BY THE
STEPS PUGGO, GRAB
THAT ACETYLENE LAMP!

WHAT ARE YOU
MUGS GOING TO DO
IN HERE?

YOU'LL SEE
WONDER-BOY!

A BLAST FROM THE
POWERFUL TORCH RUINS
THE DOOR LOCK.

TURN LEFT, PUGGO,
AND GET THE LIGHT
IN THE NEXT ROOM!
AND NO TRICKS, COLE!

I GET THE DRIFT
NOW!...YOU'RE GOING
TO SWIPE THE SHINING
STAR SHOOTINGS....
YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY!

IN THE CUTTING ROOM—

DICK!

18-19-20-
WE GOT 'EM!

GO AHEAD! GET
IN THAT ROOM, NOW,
BEFORE I PLUG
YOU—AND BE
THANKFUL YOU'RE
ALIVE!

IF YOU HARM
THAT GIRL, CARP,
SO HELP ME,
I'LL CHASE
YOU TO BORNED!

DRY UP, YOU!
YOU'RE STAYING
WITH US!

GET IN
THERE!

LOCKED INSIDE THE ADJOINING ROOM, DICK SNAPS HIS BONDS, AND LISTENS —

I'VE GOT TO GET OUTTA HERE — AND FAST!

OKAY — YOU GOT 'EM ALL? GET GOING! WE'LL GRAB A STUDIO PLANE AND BEAT IT FOR THE DESERT!

GET MOVING, TOOTS!

AS THE OTHERS LEAVE, DICK FINDS A LIGHT —

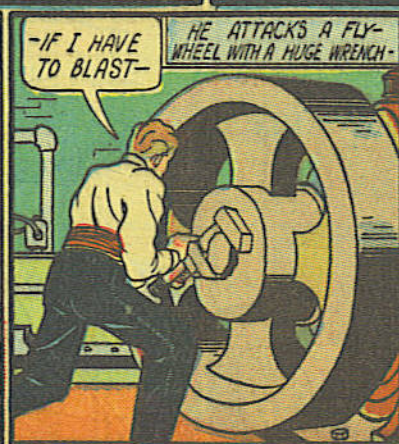
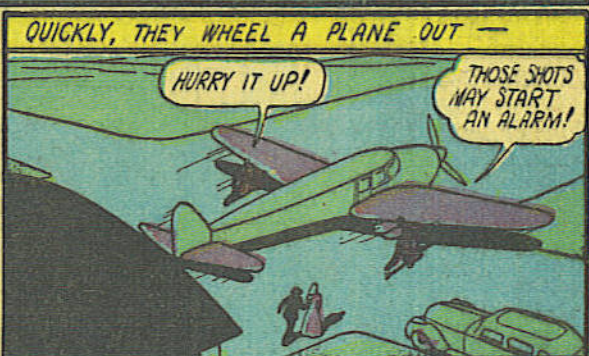
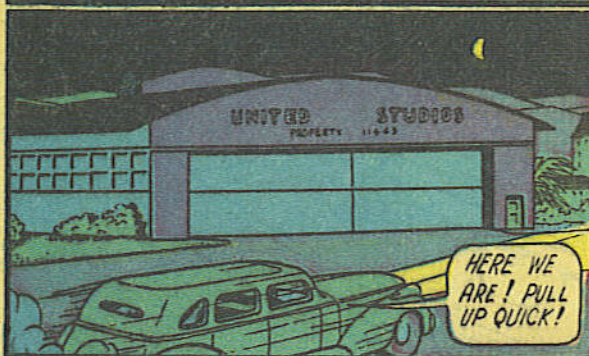
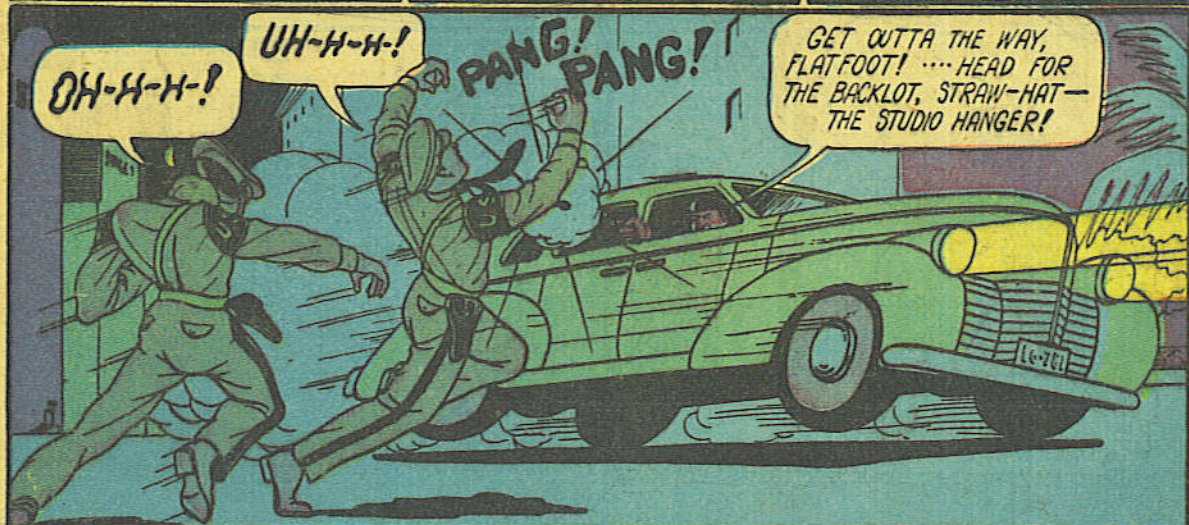
HUH! A DYNAMO ROOM! NO WINDOWS, DOORS — IT'S LIKE A VAULT!

MEANWHILE, THE GUARDS HAVE BECOME SUSPICIOUS —

HERE THEY COME NOW —

I THOUGHT THAT WASN'T HART'S CAR —

HEY! STOP!



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, HE FLINGS THE GIANT WHEEL AT THE WALL, CRASHING A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH IT!

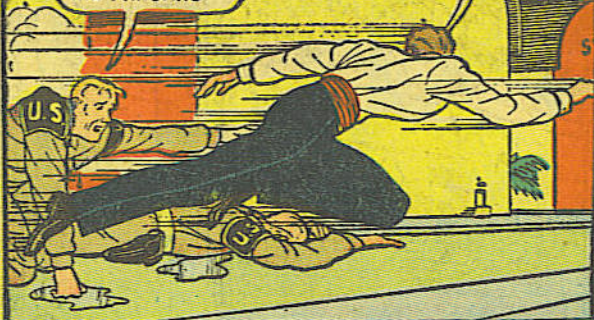


HE LEAPS THROUGH THE GAP AND RACES DOWN THE STUDIO STREET.

OKAY—GET TO A PHONE! CALL THE POLICE!

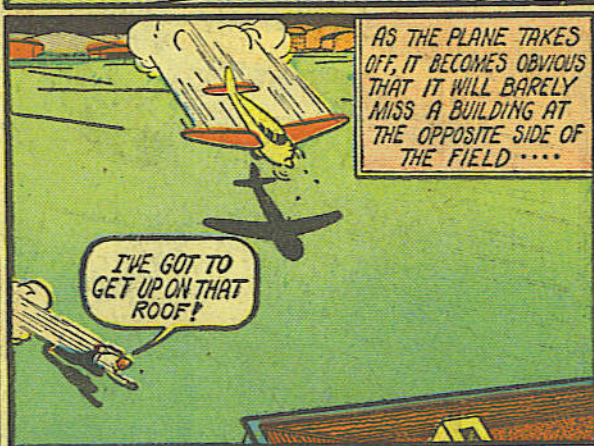
THAT WAY—
THE HANGARS—

STAGE



AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, IT BECOMES OBVIOUS THAT IT WILL BARELY MISS A BUILDING AT THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIELD

I'VE GOT TO GET UP ON THAT ROOF!



THE GUARD, REACHING THE GATE PHONE, FRANTICALLY CALLS THE POLICE

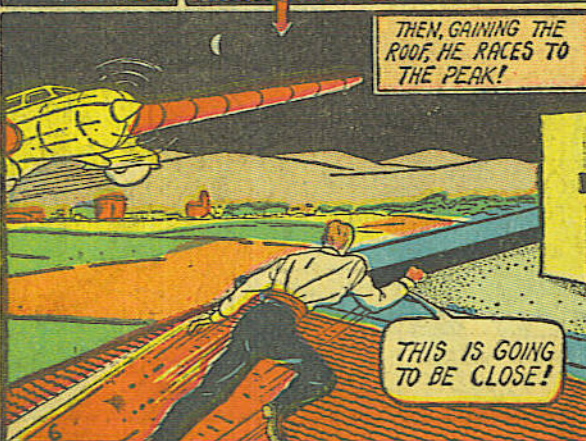
UNITED STUDIOS—
ROBBERY—A SHOOTING—
HURRY!



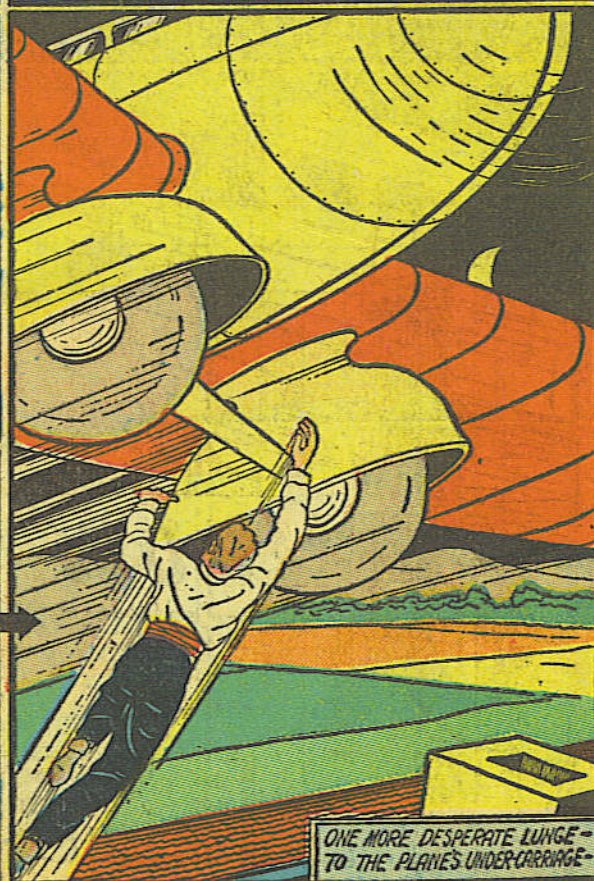
BRINGING SUPER-POWER INTO PLAY, DICK BOUNDS UP ONTO A BALCONY—



THEN, GAINING THE ROOF, HE RACES TO THE PEAK!

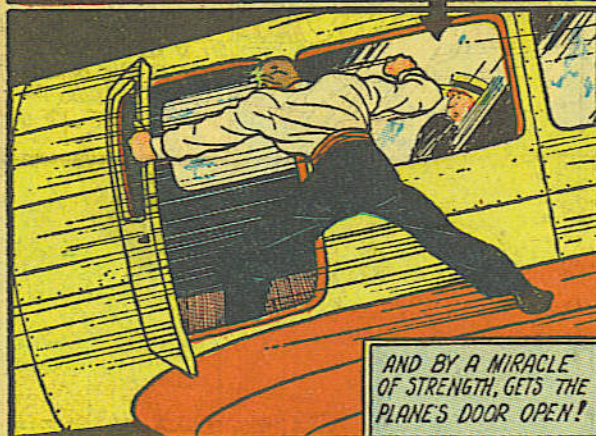
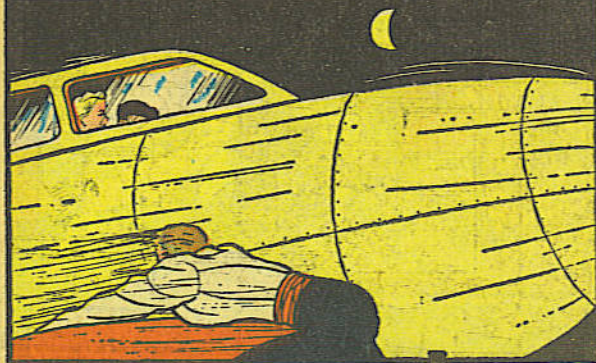


THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE!

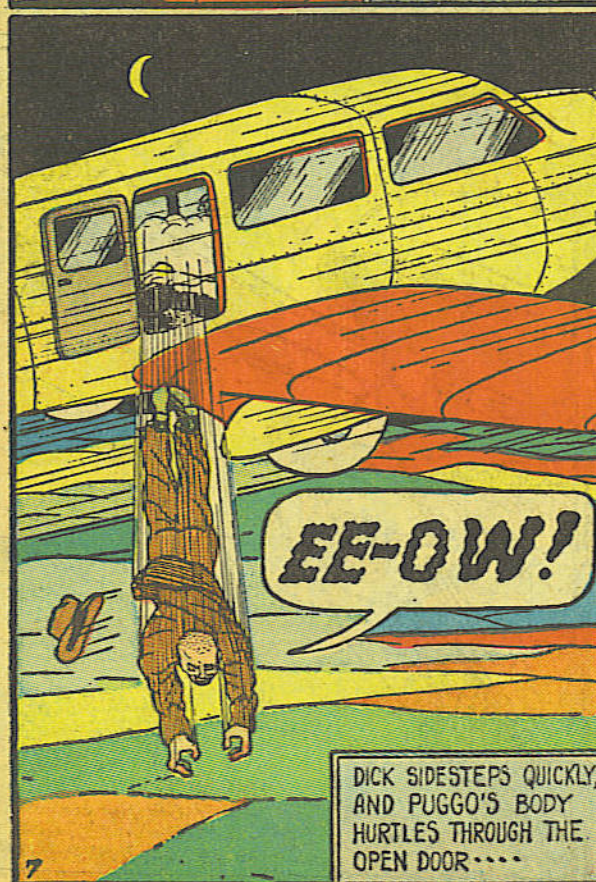


ONE MORE DESPERATE LUNGE—
TO THE PLANE'S UNDERCARRIAGE—

STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, DICK SLOWLY
CRAWLS UP ONTO THE WING



AND BY A MIRACLE
OF STRENGTH, GETS THE
PLANE'S DOOR OPEN!



DICK SIDESTEPS QUICKLY,
AND PUGGO'S BODY
HURTLES THROUGH THE
OPEN DOOR

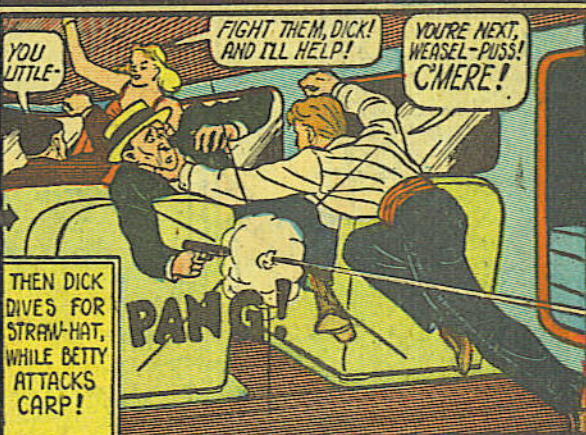
AS DICK ENTERS THE PLANE,
PUGGO-THE-MUG MAKES A
WILD LUNGE FOR HIM —

GET HIM!



WELL I'LL BE —

DICK!



THEN DICK
DIVES FOR
STRAW-HAT,
WHILE BETTY
ATTACKS
CARP!



ONE WICKED
RIGHT IS ENOUGH
FOR STRAW-HAT!

YE EDITORS' PAGE

**SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT
FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED**

Dear Reader:

Since **BLUE BOLT COMICS** is expressly published for your entertainment, it is the Editors' wish that you too be permitted to help us always keep **BLUE BOLT** one of the best magazines on the market. You can help us by becoming a **BLUE BOLT "Associate Editor"**.

How can you become an "Associate Editor"? Simply by writing to **BLUE BOLT** and telling us very frankly just what you like and just what you don't like about the magazine. Brickbats are as welcome as bouquets if they help us to make **BLUE BOLT** a better magazine for you.

Each month on this page we will publish several of what the Editors believe to be the best letters received from reader "Associate Editors". In addition **BLUE BOLT** will mail a check for \$1.00 to the writers of each letter published.

Take your pen and start writing now. Write plainly, print your name and home address, and send your letters to **BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Cordially Yours,
The Editors

**HERE ARE TWO LETTERS TYPICAL OF WHAT WE MEAN. DO YOU
AGREE WITH THEM? IF NOT, WRITE US WHAT YOU THINK.**

Why I Read Blue Bolt Magazine:

It's young America's favorite comic
A thriller through and through,
A solid hour of adventure
With Characters different and new.
A million kids throughout the land,
From North, East, South, and West
Give their decree — they all agree
That **BLUE BOLT** is the best.

Betty Jane Johnson
St. Paul, Minn.

—(These are words we like to hear,
A pat on the back and a hearty cheer
For the magazine, Betty, never fear
We'll strive to make better year by year.)

—Ed.

Zero from becoming a boon to mankind. There are too many characters along those lines. The kids are tired of them. So keep Sub-Zero as a malefactor if you want to hold the readers' interest.

In my opinion your second best feature is Dick Cole. This strip is striking for its unusual detail, freshness and natural dialogue. It has a vigor usually lacking in comic strips. My only criticism of it is there are possibly too many frames per page. I prefer eight or nine.

I believe that you, as the editor, desire sincerely to know what is also wrong with your publication. I dislike your main feature, "BLUE BOLT". It's not terribly bad, but it's been done before. There are at least five heroes that use electricity as a weapon.

I think that the average editor underestimates the age of the readers; so don't be too surprised at my age, seventeen. I have friends eighteen and nineteen of good intelligence who get a big kick out of reading the comics.

Yours truly,
Gerard Wilson
New York, New York

Dear Editors:

Undoubtedly your best feature is Sub-Zero Man. This serial combines good artwork with an absolutely new idea. The situations are handled with suspense and sufficient action to satisfy the most avid. Try to keep Sub-

—(Thank you Gerard. Your criticisms are appreciated and help us to give the readers what they want. Let's have some other readers' opinions on Mr. Wilson's letter. Ed.)

IMPORTANT PRIZE COUPON NOTICE

In order that **BLUE BOLT** readers may obtain more valuable awards without lengthy delays, we have temporarily discontinued the **BLUE BOLT** prize coupon formerly run on this page. We believe that most readers would prefer to write an "Associate Editor's" letter to **BLUE BOLT** and receive \$1.00 if it is published, rather than wait to clip coupons from several issues of the magazine before receiving a prize.

Do not destroy the coupons that you have clipped from **BLUE BOLT** or **TARGET**. All coupons that readers have saved are redeemable at their full value.

This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed or restricted.

If the majority of readers would prefer to have the prize coupons put back into **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET**, we will be glad to do so. Write us what you want.

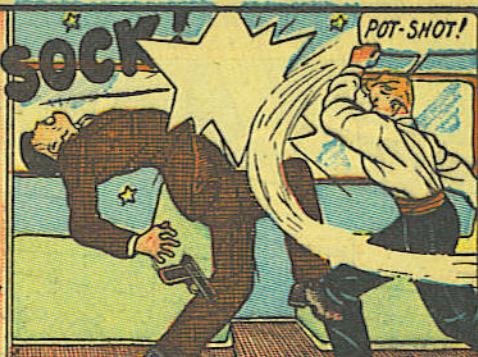
CARP
STRICKEN
WITH PANIC
NOW LEAVES
THE STICK
TO DO BATTLE
WITH DICK—



DICK— HIS GUN!

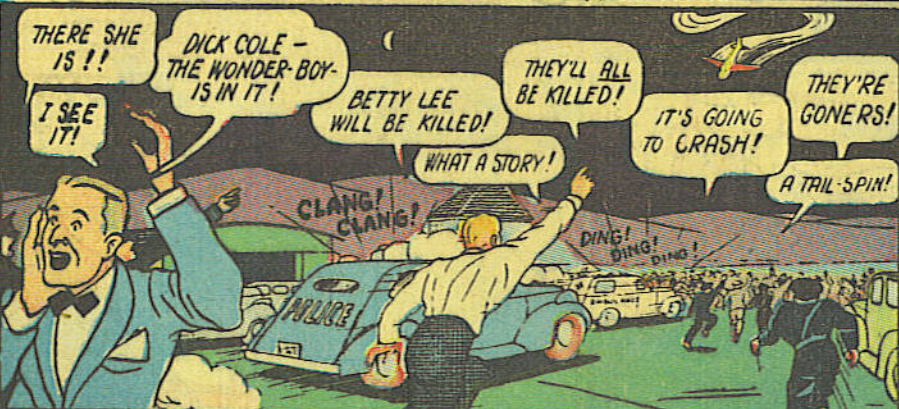
STEP RIGHT
UP, MISTER!

A SLEDGE-
HAMMER
LEFT TO
THE
BUTTON,
AND CARP
IS ALL
THROUGH!



SOCK!

POT-SHOT!



THERE SHE
IS !!

DICK COLE —
THE WONDER-BOY—
IS IN IT!

I SEE
IT!

BETTY LEE
WILL BE KILLED!

THEY'LL ALL
BE KILLED!

IT'S GOING
TO CRASH!

THEY'RE
GONERS!

A TAIL-SPIN!

CLANG!
CLANG!

DING!
DING!

WHAT A STORY!



WE CAN'T BEAT IT—WE'LL
CRASH! I'LL TRY TO KEEP
HER NOSE UP!

OH-H,
DICK!

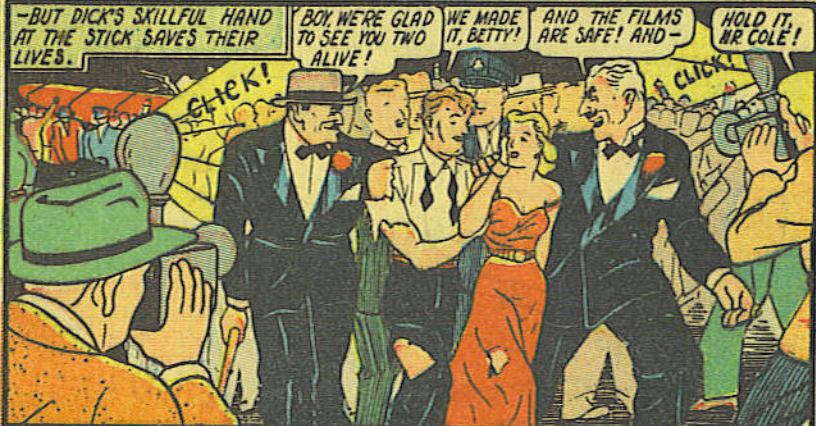
WHILE
IN THE
PLANE—

POLICE AND SPECTATORS, STREAMING ONTO THE
FIELD, WATCH THE PLANE—OUT OF CONTROL NOW—
WITH AWE AND HORROR! WILL IT CRASH?

THEN IT COMES—



CRASH!



—BUT DICK'S SKILLFUL HAND
AT THE STICK SAVES THEIR
LIVES.

BOY WE'RE GLAD
TO SEE YOU TWO
ALIVE!

WE MADE
IT, BETTY!

AND THE FILMS
ARE SAFE! AND—

HOLD IT,
MR. COLE!



THERE GOES CARP—
TO THE HOSPITAL—
THEN JAIL!

I WONDER IF
THAT'S THE END
OF HIM?

I HOPE
SO—

THAT'S THE END
OF HIM, ALL RIGHT!
THE NEXT EXCITEMENT
FOR US IS THE FILM'S
PREMIERE!



A WEEK LATER— AT THE HOSPITAL.
SORRY, CAPTAIN—YOU CAN'T MOVE
HIM YET...HE'S BEEN IN A COMA
FOR A WEEK—IT'S STRANGE—

H-M-M—
BUT—
AS SOON
AS CARP
IS ALONE—

COME ON— YOU
FOOLS! YOU'LL SEE
WHEN YOU FIND I'VE
ESCAPED OUT
OF HERE!

WILL PHIL CARP
ESCAPE ???
AND IF SO, WILL
DICK — BUT
WAIT! THAT'S NEXT
MONTH'S STORY!

THERE'LL BE A REAL
HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE,
A RUTHLESS MURDER,
AND EXCITEMENT
GALORE!
IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT!

SUB-ZERO

BONG

BONG

BONG

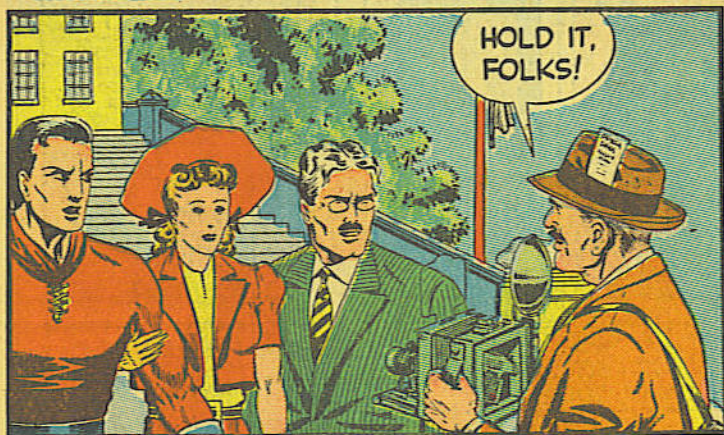
BONG

The BIG BELL OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING TOLLS THE HOUR AS SUB-ZERO, MARY AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHNSON EMERGE FROM THE GRAND JURY ROOM. PROFESSOR X, BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY SUB-ZERO, HAS JUST BEEN INDICTED FOR MURDER.

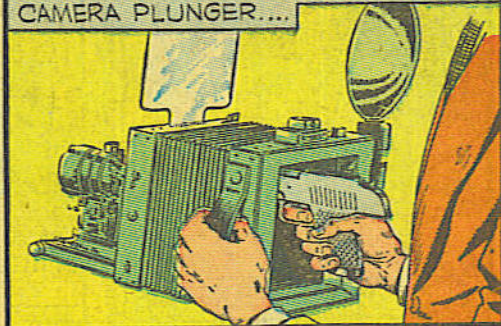
THAT MUST SOUND LIKE A DEATH KNELL TO PROFESSOR X!



HOLD IT, FOLKS!



AS JOHNSON AND MARY OBLIGINGLY POSE, SUB-ZERO SEES THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S HAND IS NOT ON THE CAMERA PLUNGER...



SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE CAMERA!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU!



BEFORE THE FAKE PHOTOGRAPHER CAN PULL THE TRIGGER OF HIS GUN, SUB-ZERO FREEZES HIM!

TRY THIS ON THE TRIGGER!



LATER.... AT HEADQUARTERS.

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT! HE'S TORPEDO SMITH--ONE OF PROFESSOR X'S GUNMEN!

PROFESSOR WHO? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!



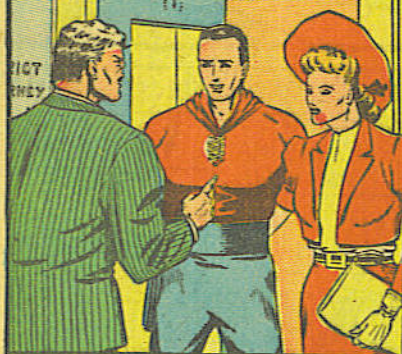
AND STILL LATER...

TWO HOURS OF GRILLING... AND HE STILL WON'T TALK!

SUPPOSE I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER, JOHNSON-- I'VE GOT A DATE!



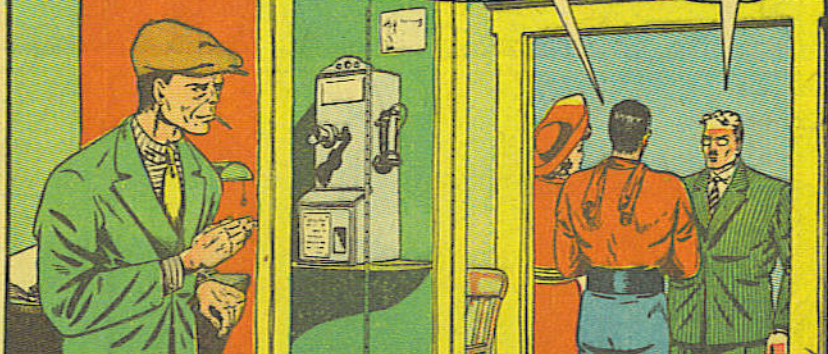
YOU'D BETTER STAY IN HIDING UNTIL THE TRIAL. PROFESSOR X WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO GET RID OF THE STATES STAR WITNESS!



UNAWARE OF A STEALTHY EAVESDROPPER, SUB-ZERO AND JOHNSON TALK!

MARY'S LANDED A PART IN THAT NEW SHOW AT THE TIVOLS, AND I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING! WHO'D FIND ME IN A CROWDED THEATRE, ANYHOW?

OKAY! BUT DON'T MEET HER AFTER THE SHOW-- GO RIGHT TO THE HIDEOUT!



THE EAVESDROPPER APPEARS AT THE COUNTY JAIL... VISITOR TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR!



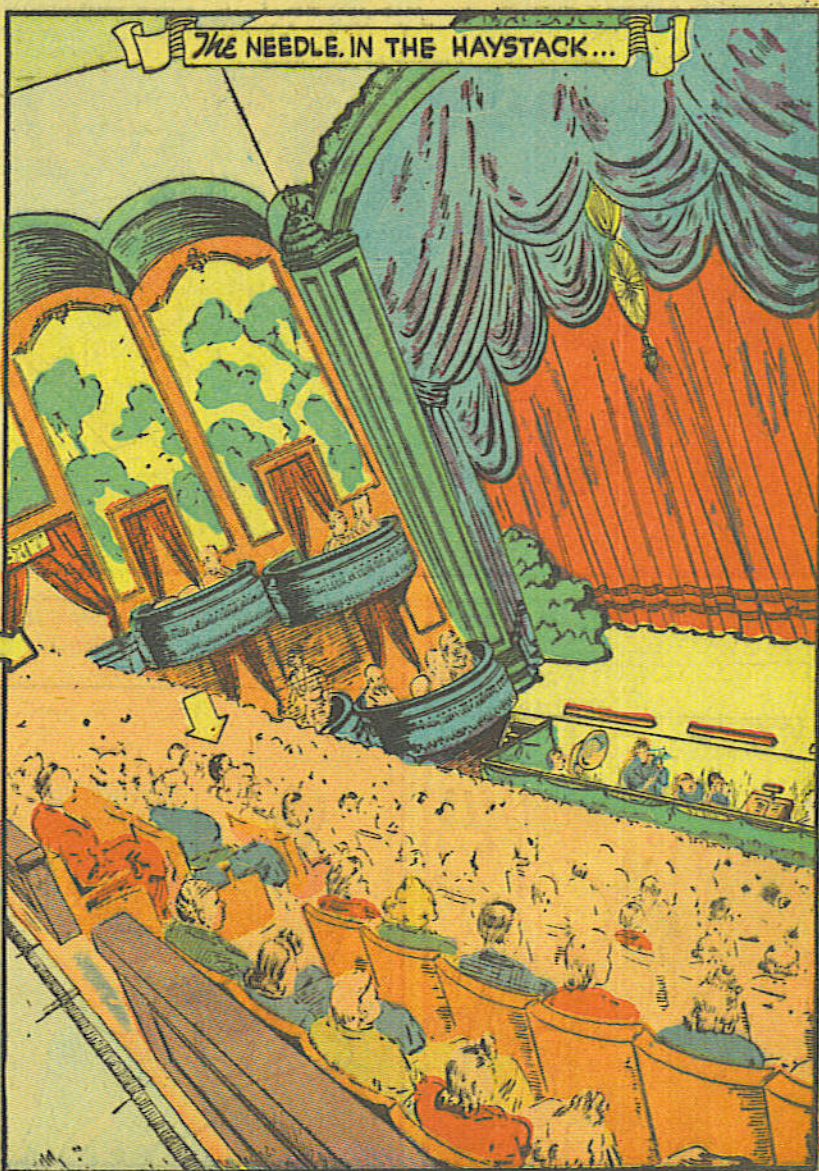
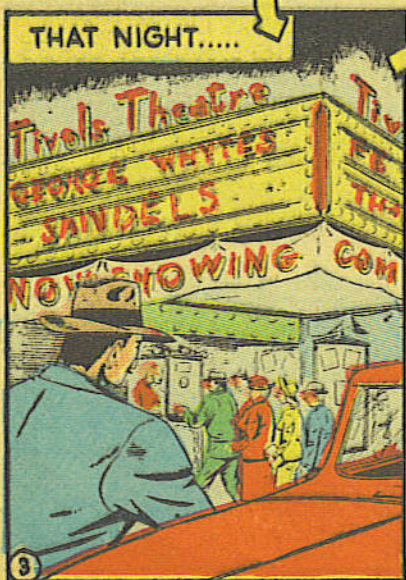
...AND RELATES WHAT HE HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...

BUT LOOKIN' FER HIM IN THAT THEATRE WILL BE LIKE HUNTIN' FER A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

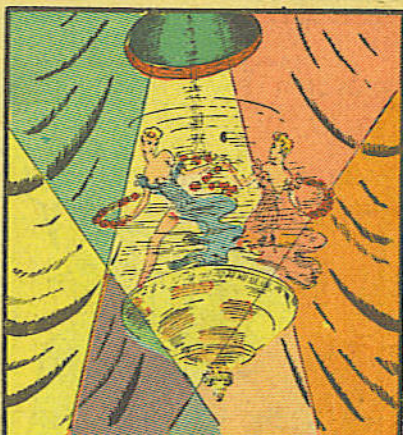
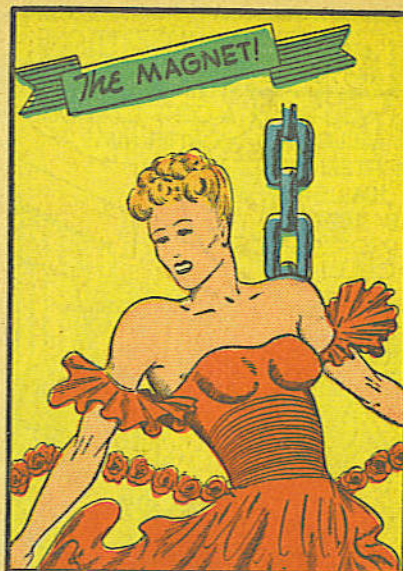
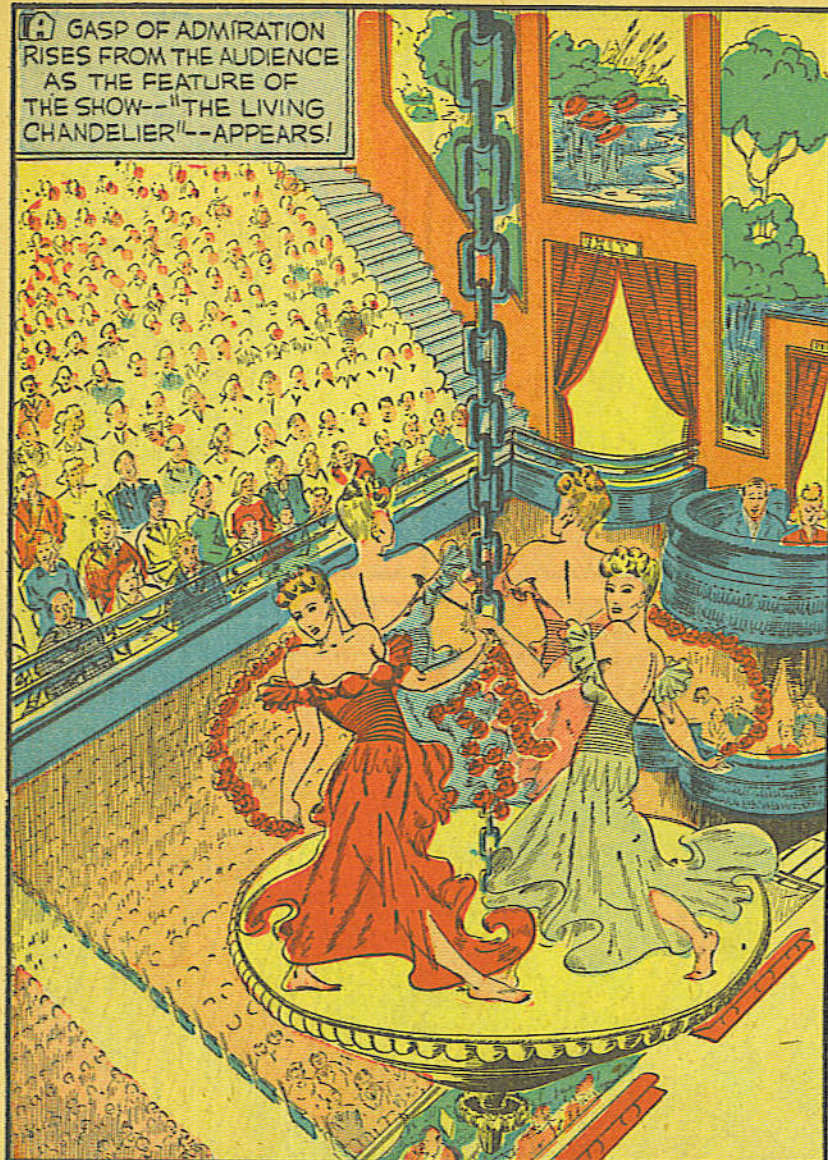


PERHAPS I HAVE A MAGNET TO DRAW THE NEEDLE OUT!



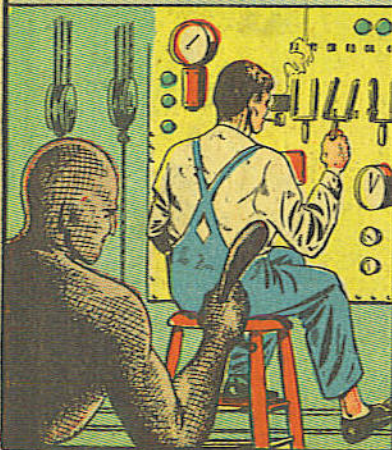


A GASP OF ADMIRATION
RISES FROM THE AUDIENCE
AS THE FEATURE OF
THE SHOW--"THE LIVING
CHANDELIER"--APPEARS!



The "LIVING CHANDELIER"
WHIRLS IN A BLAZE OF
COLORED LIGHT---

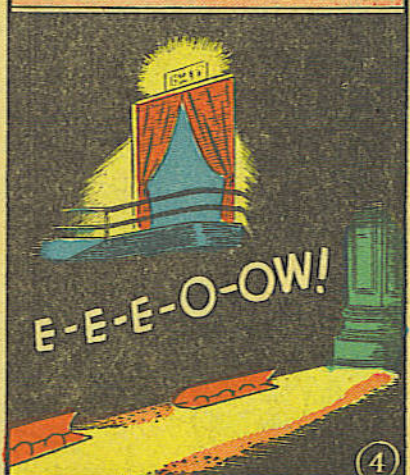
WEARING HIS COLD-RESISTANT
MESH, PROFESSOR X ENTERS THE
CONTROL ROOM FROM WHICH THE
CHANDELIER IS OPERATED...



WHILE RIGGS, HIS HENCHMAN,
ATTACKS THE SPOTLIGHT
OPERATOR...



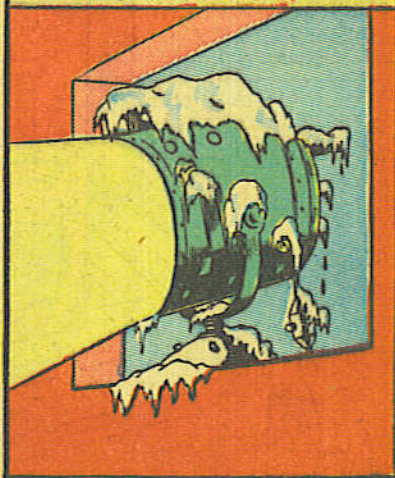
OUT GO THE LIGHTS... AND
FROM THE DARKNESS COMES
A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM!



SUB-ZERO CONCENTRATES
HIS STRANGE POWER ON
THE SPOTLIGHT...



ICE FORMS ON THE SPOT-
LIGHT BUTTON....PRESSES
AGAINST IT...



THE SPOTLIGHT
BLAZES ON-
REVEALING....

HELP!

THE SHOW
IS OVER,
MY DEAR!



THE AUDIENCE IS THROWN
INTO A PANIC!

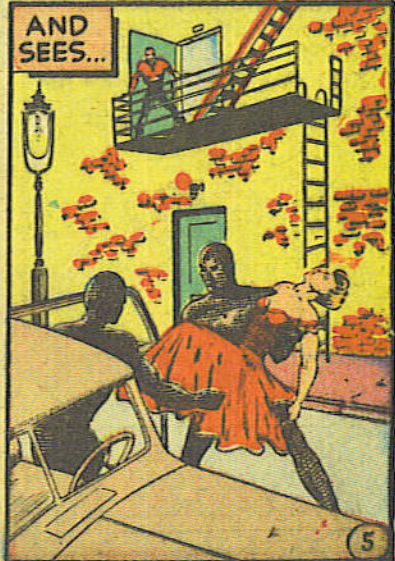
E-E-OW!



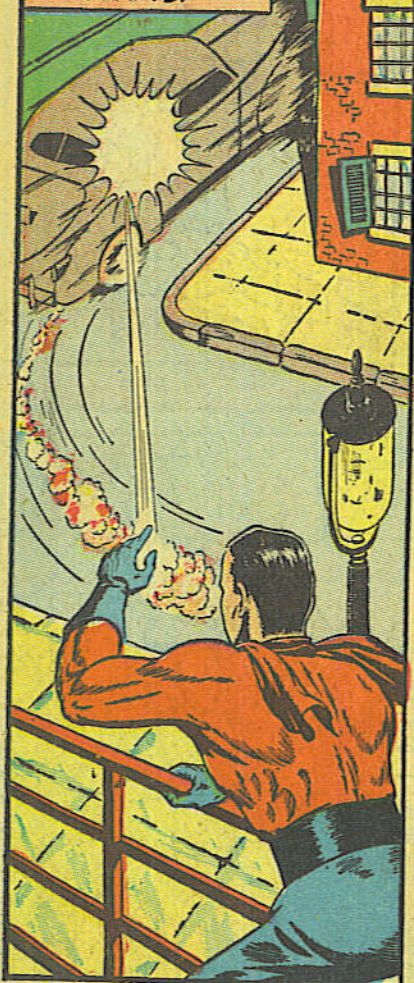
TO AVERT A STAMPEDE, SUB-
ZERO FREEZES THE AUDIENCE
TO THEIR SEATS... KNOWING
THEY WILL SLOWLY THAW OUT,
SUB-ZERO DASHES TO THE
NEAREST EXIT...



AND
SEES...



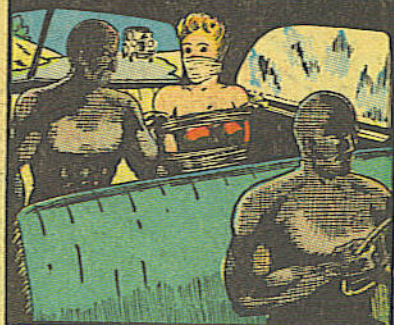
THE PROFESSOR'S
COLD-RESISTANT
ALLOY PROTECTS
THE SEDAN FROM
SUB-ZERO'S ICY
SHAFTS!



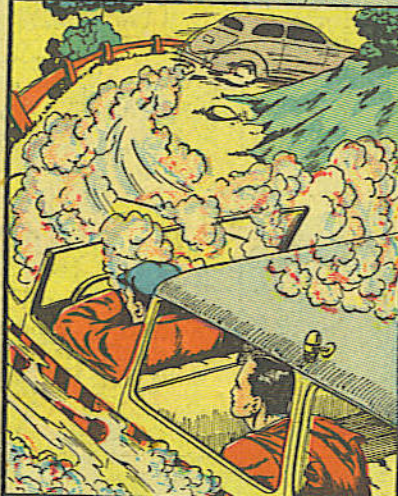
FOLLOW THAT GRAY
SEDAN... IT'S A MATTER
OF LIFE AND DEATH!



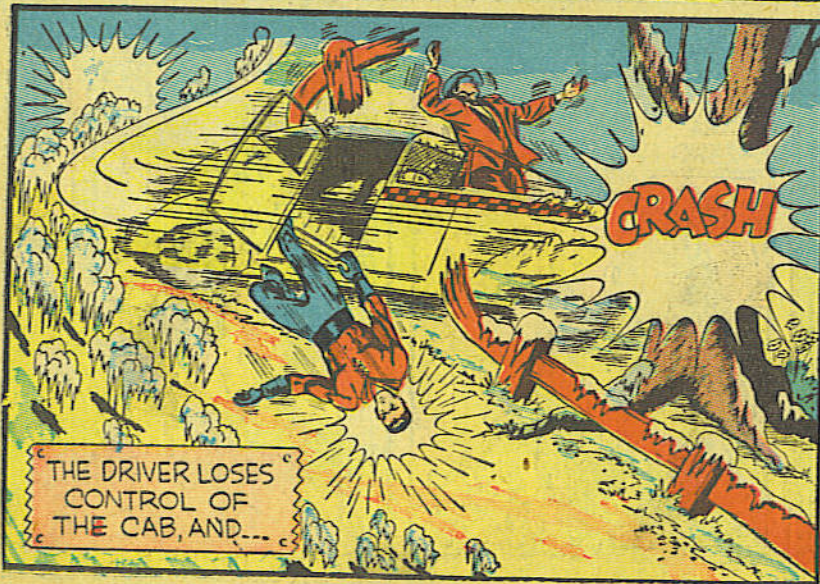
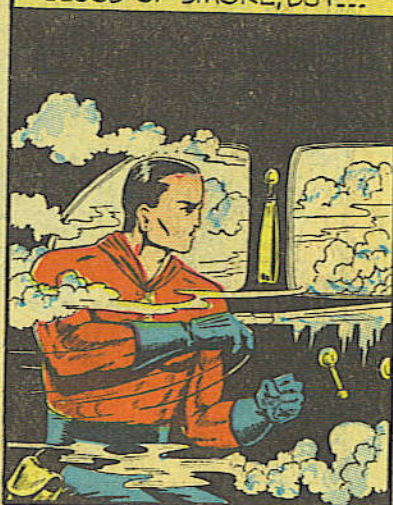
SLOW DOWN WHEN
YOU REACH OPEN
COUNTRY!



AS THE TAXI GAINS, PROFESSOR
X PRESSES A BUTTON, AND...



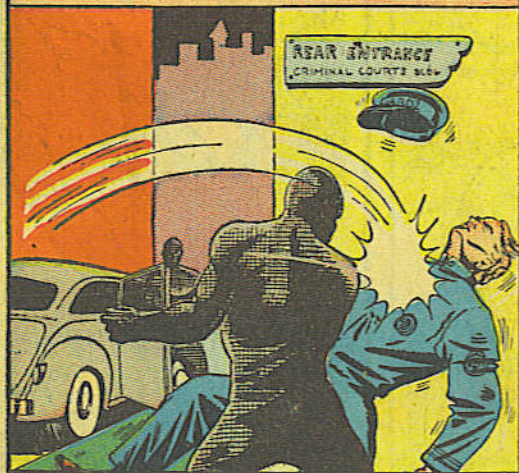
SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE
CLOUD OF SMOKE, BUT...



OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
JUST AS YOU PLANNED,
PROFESSOR!



THE GRAY SEDAN STOPS NEAR A REAR ENTRANCE OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING—A WATCHMAN APPEARS...



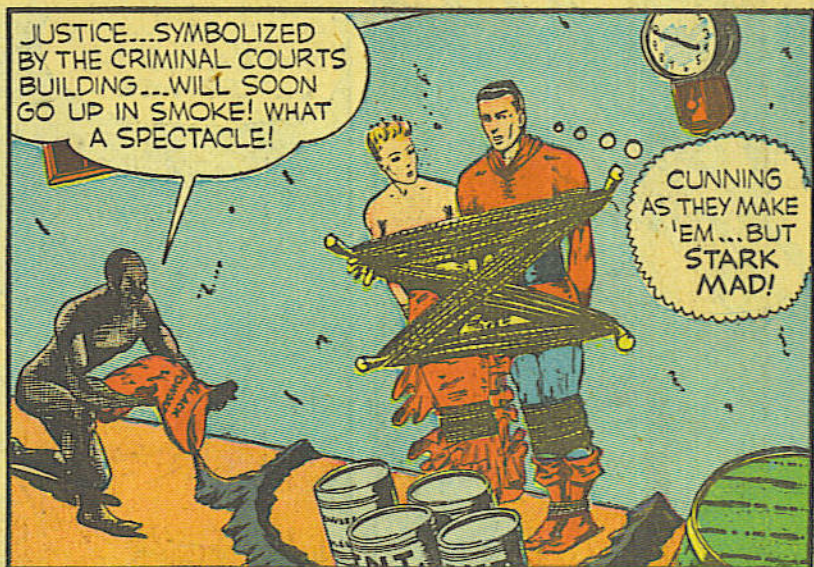
SUB-ZERO AND MARY ARE CARRIED TO A STOREROOM IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING!



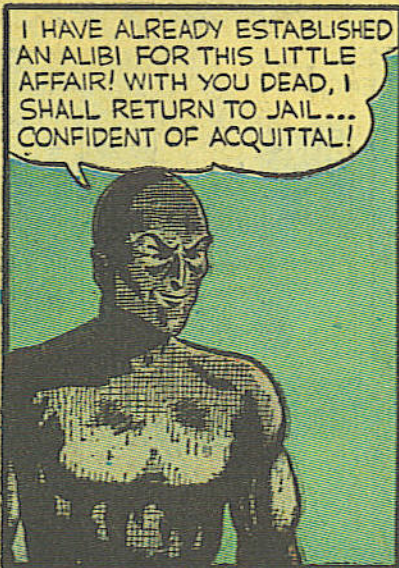
OKAY, BOSS!
SOME FUN,
HUH?



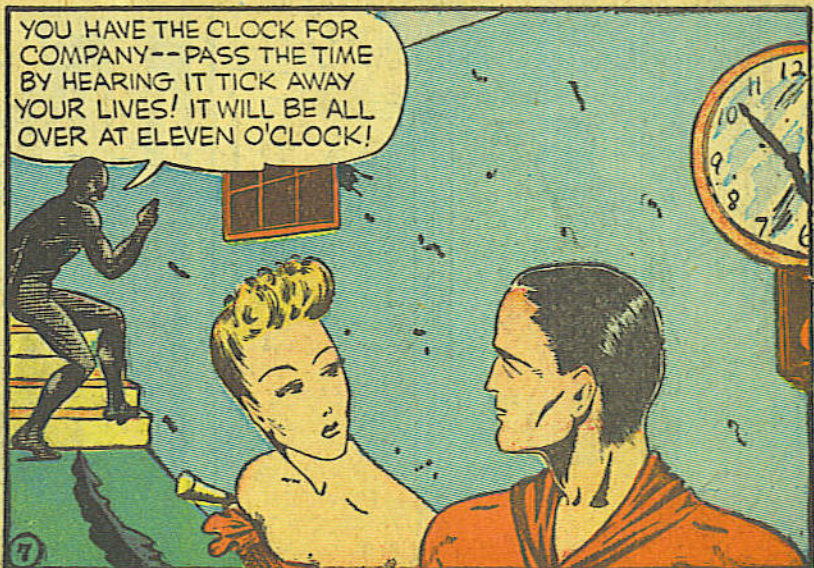
JUSTICE...SYMBOLIZED
BY THE CRIMINAL COURTS
BUILDING...WILL SOON
GO UP IN SMOKE! WHAT
A SPECTACLE!



I HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED
AN ALIBI FOR THIS LITTLE
AFFAIR! WITH YOU DEAD, I
SHALL RETURN TO JAIL...
CONFIDENT OF ACQUITTAL!



YOU HAVE THE CLOCK FOR
COMPANY--PASS THE TIME
BY HEARING IT TICK AWAY
YOUR LIVES! IT WILL BE ALL
OVER AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK!



35
PROFESSOR X
ASCENDS THE
STAIRWAY.....



WHAT'S THAT?
I THOUGHT I
HEARD A
NOISE!



ME-IA-OUW!



SO YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO CAUSED THE
DISTURBANCE!

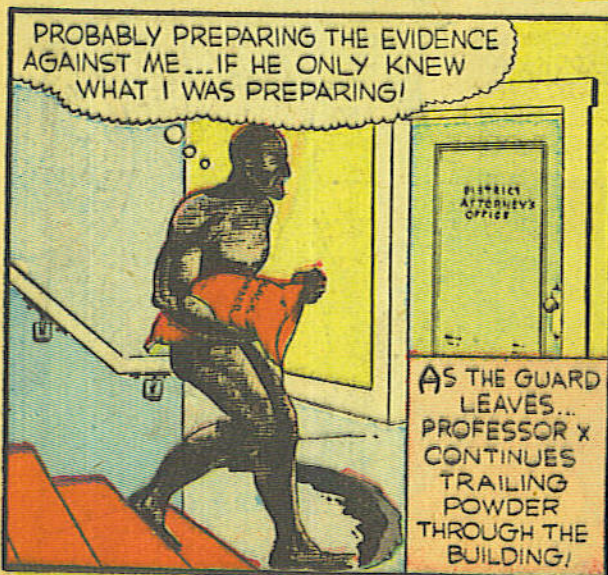


MEANWHILE

TWENTY
MORE MINUTES
TO LIVE!



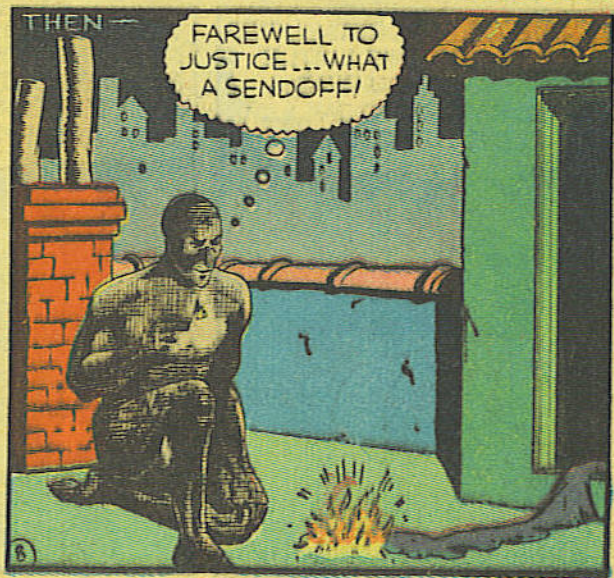
PROBABLY PREPARING THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST ME...IF HE ONLY KNEW
WHAT I WAS PREPARING!

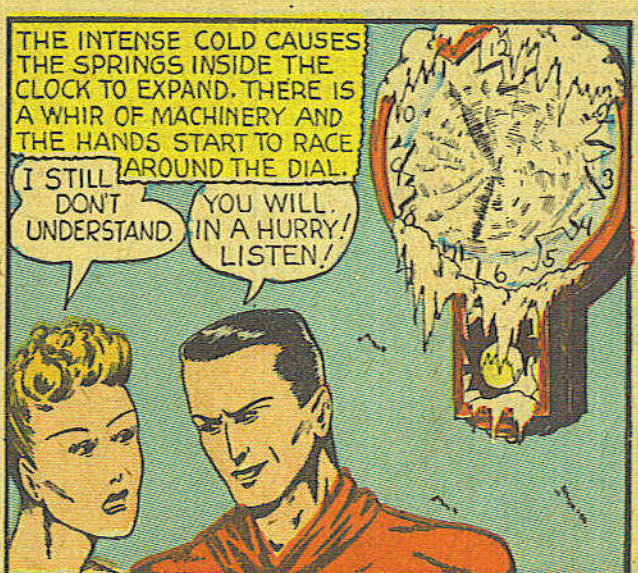
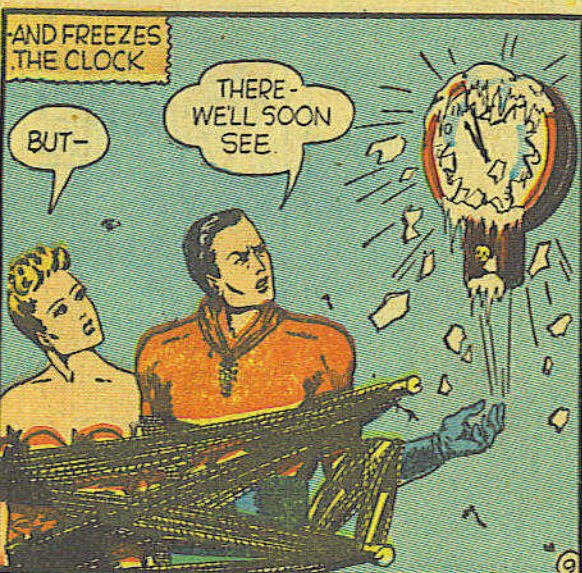
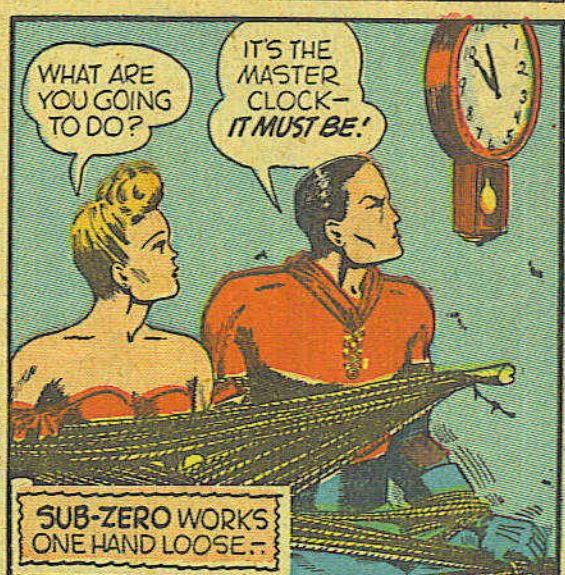
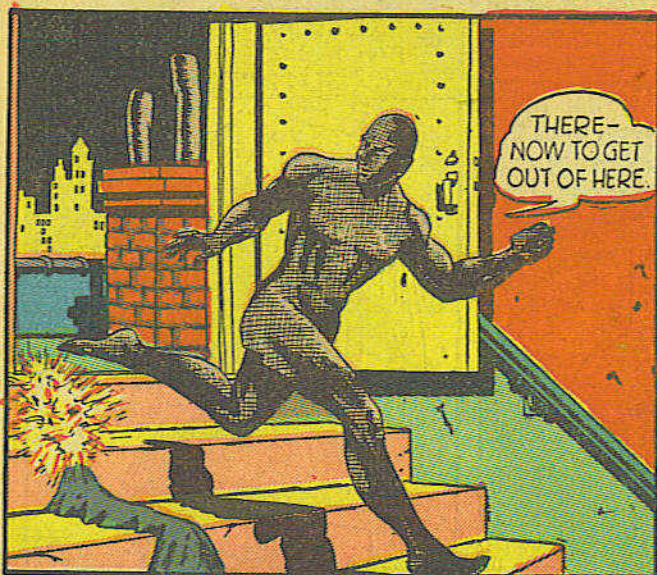
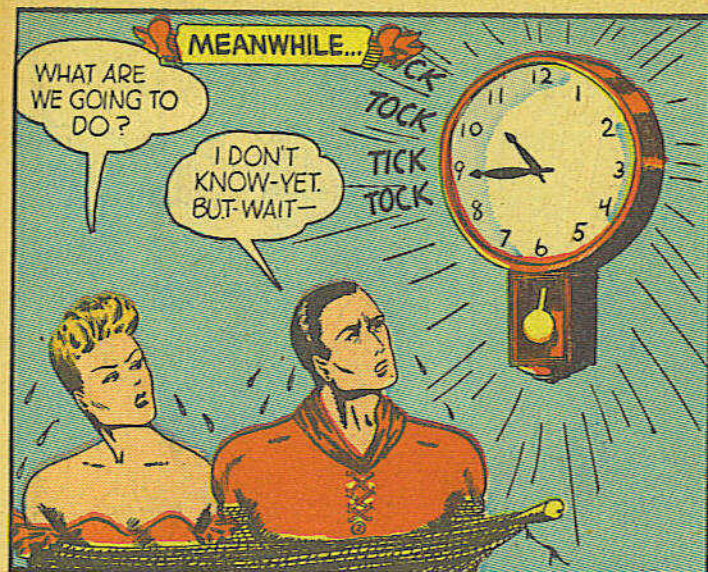


AS THE GUARD
LEAVES...
PROFESSOR X
CONTINUES
TRAILING
POWDER
THROUGH THE
BUILDING!

THEN—

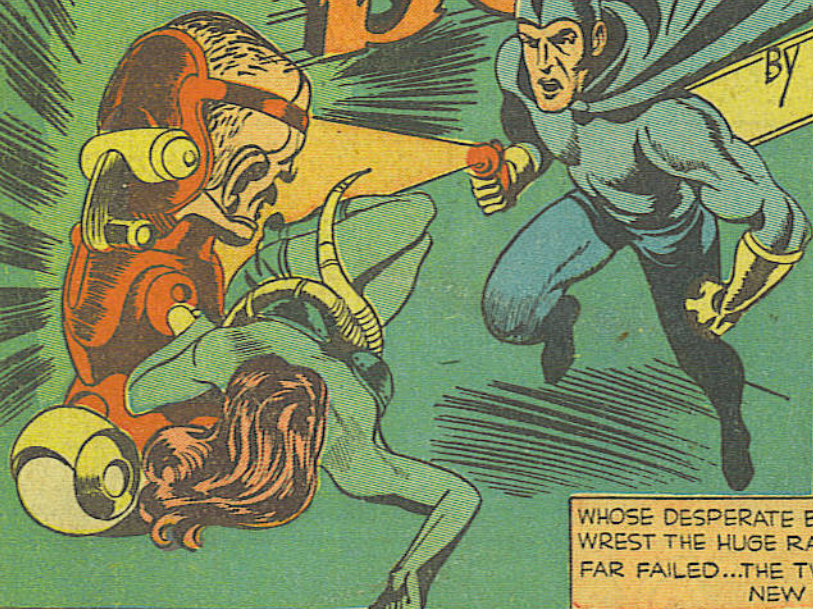
FAREWELL TO
JUSTICE...WHAT
A SENDOFF!





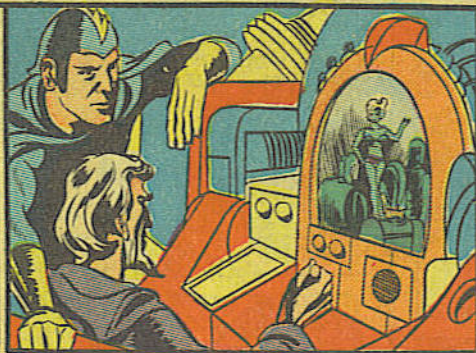
BLUE BOLT

By JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY



CONVINCED THAT HER DESTINY LIES IN SUBJUGATING THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD TO THE DOMINATING CONTROL OF HER HIDDEN EMPIRE, THE GREEN SORCERESS ONCE MORE PREPARES HER ARMIES FOR A NEW ASSAULT ON THE OUTSIDE WORLD. DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT, THE MAN OF STEEL, HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED THE WORLD'S RADIUM SUPPLY AGAINST THE GREEN ARMY, WHOSE DESPERATE BUT VAIN ATTEMPTS TO WREST THE HUGE RADIUM DEPOSITS HAVE SO FAR FAILED...THE TWO MEN GRIMLY AWAIT THE NEW ONSLAUGHT!

IN THEIR LABORATORY STRONGHOLD WHICH GUARDS THE GATEWAY TO THE OUTER WORLD...DR. BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT TUNE IN ON A MEETING OF THE GREEN WAR COUNCIL IN THEIR TELEVISOR.



BUT, MAJESTY, THE WINTER SNOWS ARE ALMOST UPON US! THE MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING OUR EMPIRE WILL BECOME AN ICY BARRIER NO ARMY COULD CROSS!

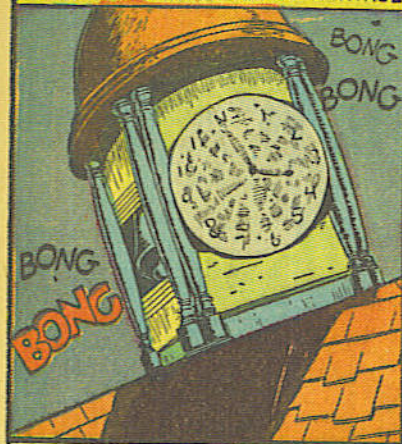
WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY LAUNCH A PERMANENTLY SUCCESSFUL OFFENSIVE IN SO LITTLE TIME!



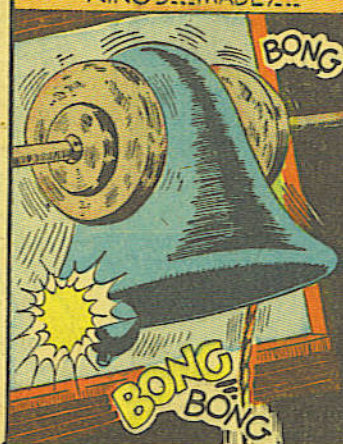
I SAY WE MUST! DO YOU HEAR? WE MUST! BERTOFF EXPECTS THE SNOW TO HALT OUR OPERATIONS! BLUE BOLT AND HE WILL RELAX THEIR VIGILANCE... THAT'S WHY WE MUST STRIKE NOW!



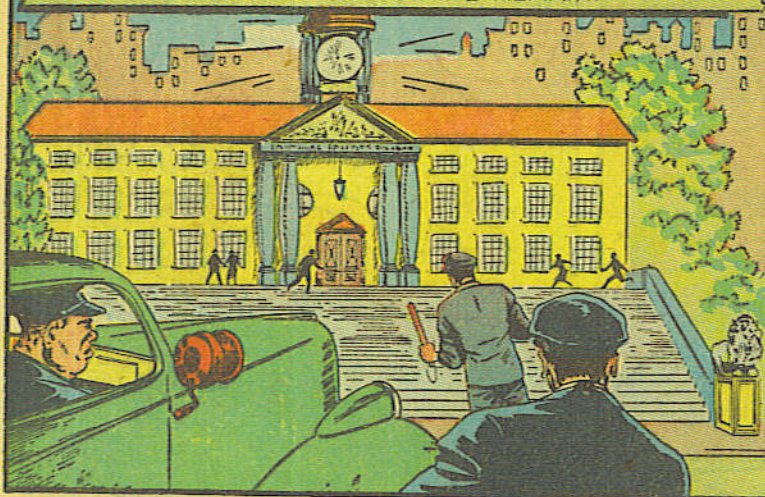
ELECTRICALLY SYNCHRONIZED TO THE MASTER CLOCK IN THE STOREROOM, THE TOWER TIME-PIECE ALSO RUNS OUT OF CONTROL



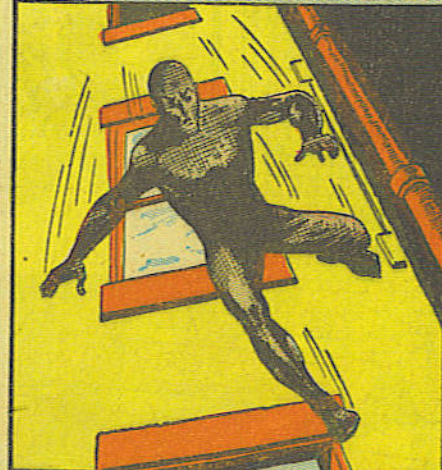
AS THE HOUR HAND WHIRLS PAST EACH NUMERAL ON THE CLOCK...THE BELL RINGS...MADLY...



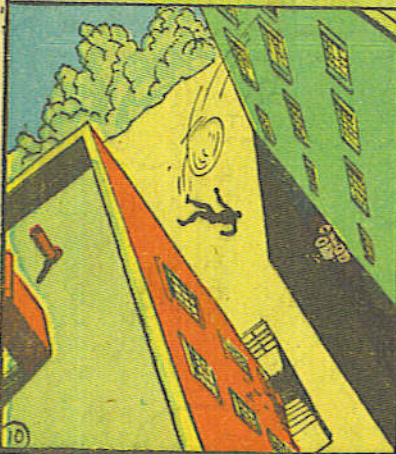
SUB-ZERO HAS TURNED THE TOWER BELL INTO A TOCSIN... SOUNDING A DESPERATE ALARM!



HEARING THE CLANG OF THE BELL AND THE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN, PROFESSOR X TAKES FLIGHT!



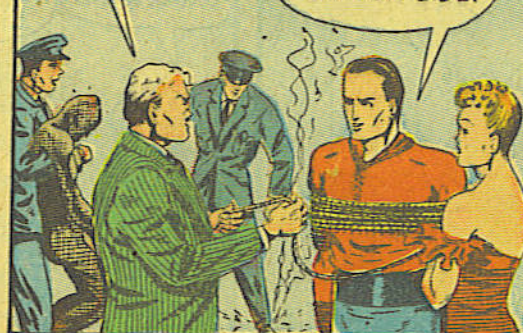
LEAPING FOR THE DRAINPIPE OF THE ADJOINING BUILDING, PROFESSOR X MISJUDGES THE DISTANCE AND.....



CATCHING RAT OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, THE POLICE ENTER JUST AS THE TRAIL OF FLAMING POWDER REACHES THE STOREROOM...

PROFESSOR X WAS JUST KILLED TRYING TO FLEE!

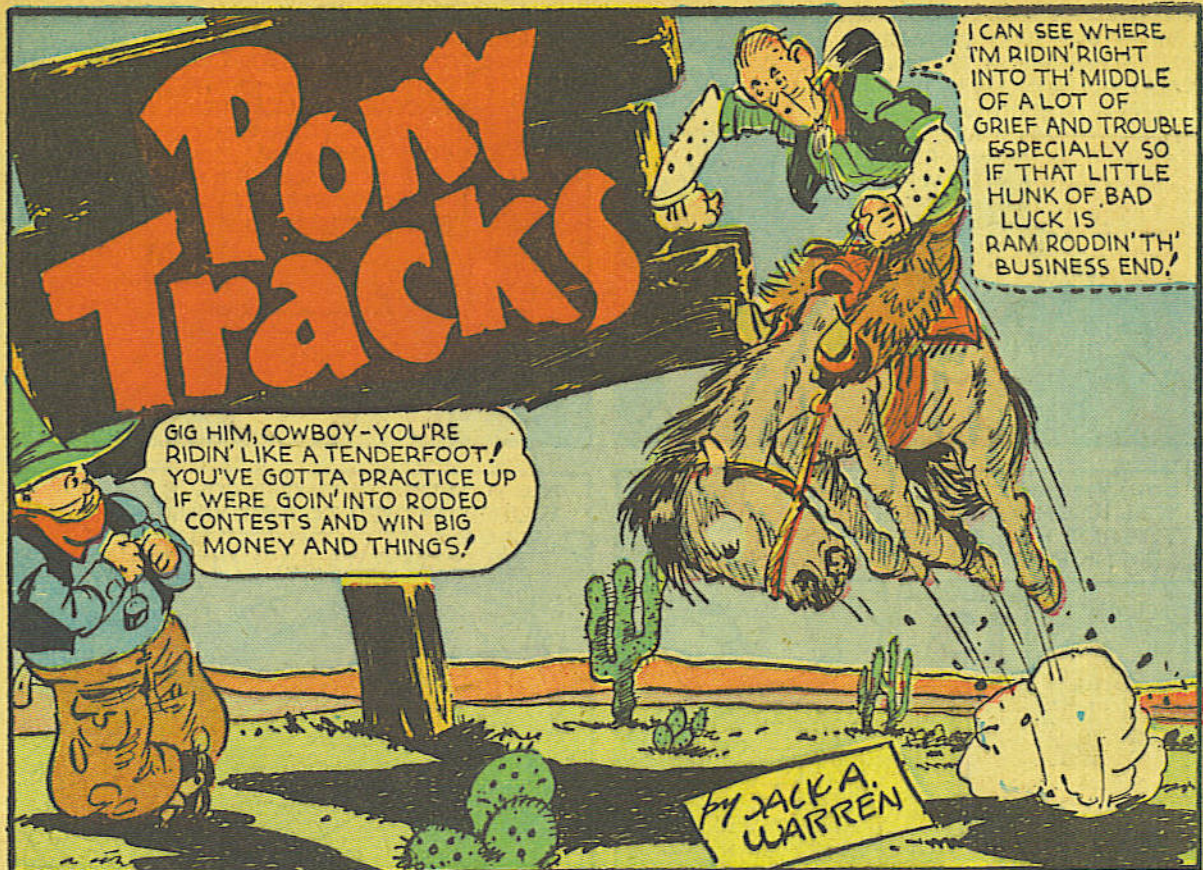
HE THOUGHT HE COULD STOP JUSTICE.. BUT TIME WAS ON OUR SIDE!



FURTHER
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
OF **SUB
ZERO**

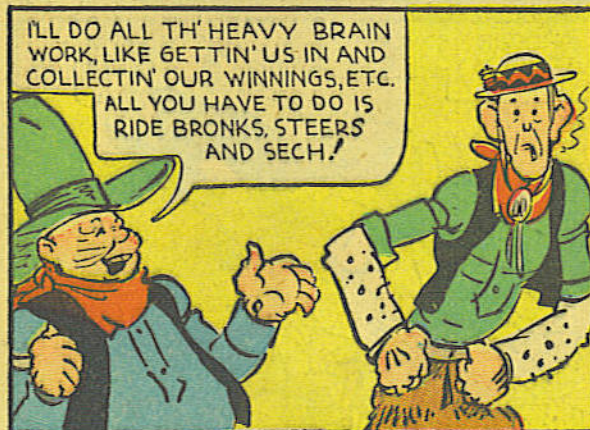
APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
**BLUE
BOLT**

Pony Tracks

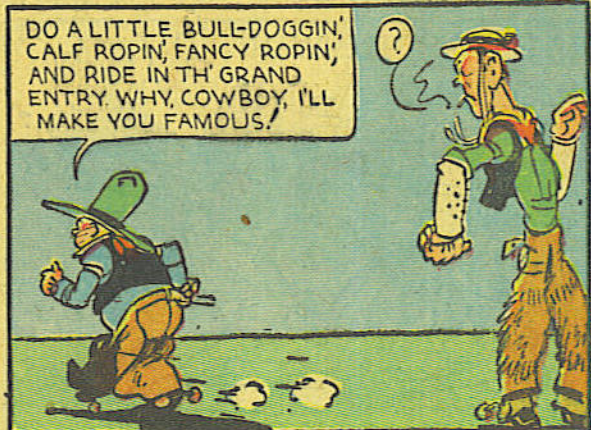


I CAN SEE WHERE I'M RIDIN' RIGHT INTO TH' MIDDLE OF A LOT OF GRIEF AND TROUBLE ESPECIALLY SO IF THAT LITTLE HUNK OF BAD LUCK IS RAM RODDIN' TH' BUSINESS END!

GIG HIM, COWBOY—YOU'RE RIDIN' LIKE A TENDERFOOT! YOU'VE GOTTA PRACTICE UP IF WERE GOIN' INTO RODEO CONTESTS AND WIN BIG MONEY AND THINGS!



I'LL DO ALL TH' HEAVY BRAIN WORK, LIKE GETTIN' US IN AND COLLECTIN' OUR WINNINGS, ETC. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS RIDE BRONKS, STEERS AND SECH!

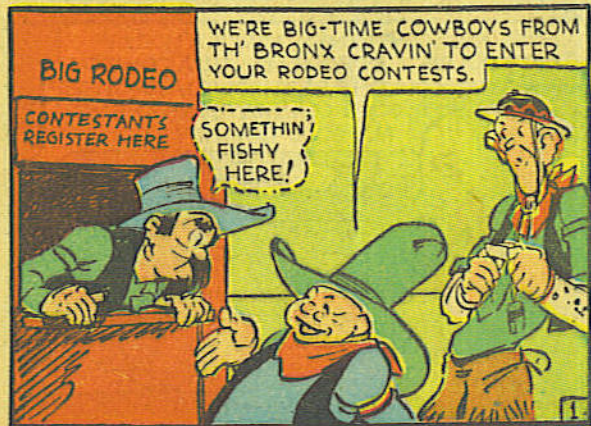


DO A LITTLE BULL-DOGGIN', CALF ROPIN', FANCY ROPIN', AND RIDE IN TH' GRAND ENTRY WHY, COWBOY, I'LL MAKE YOU FAMOUS!



SOMEHOW THIS ALL DONT SOUND JUST RIGHT TO ME. I KNOW IT WON'T TURN OUT IN MY FAVOR.

HURRY UP! PACK YOUR THIRTY YEARS SAVIN'S AND LE'S GO!

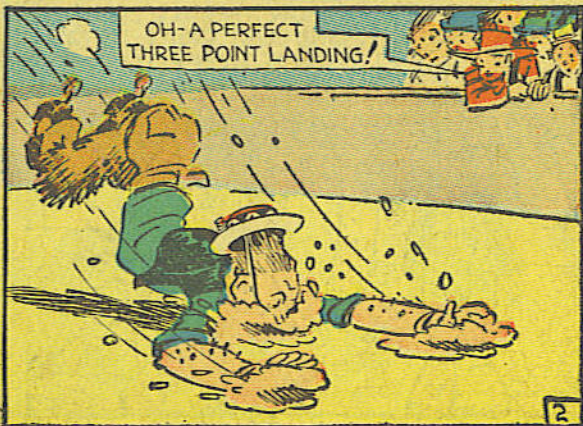
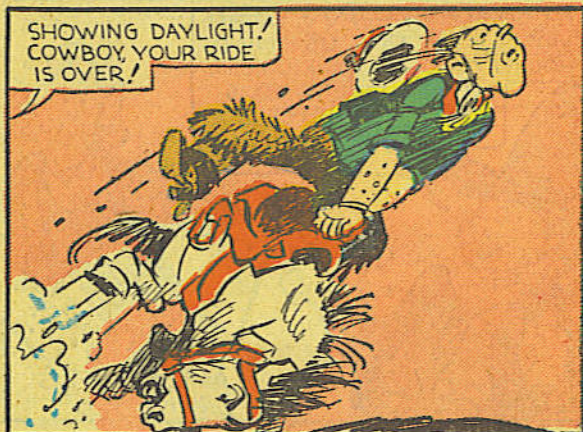
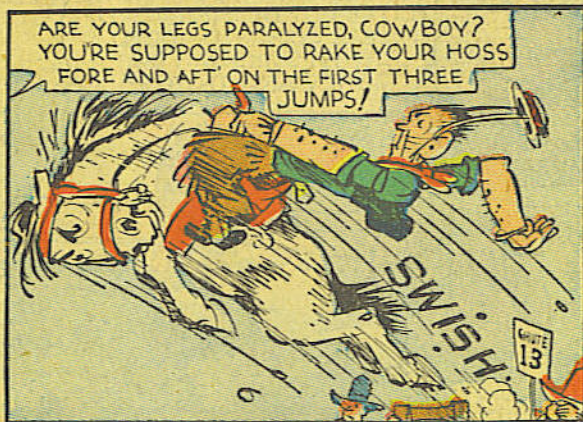
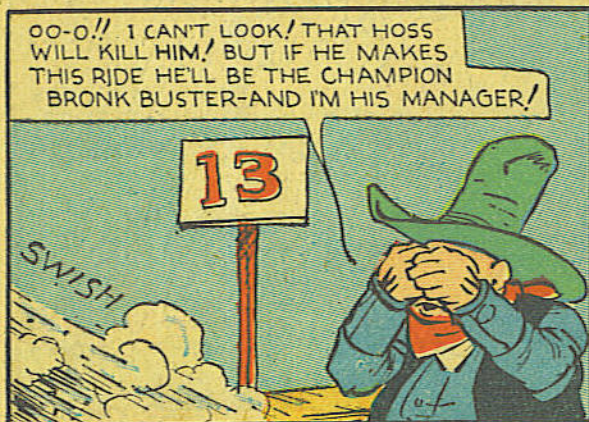
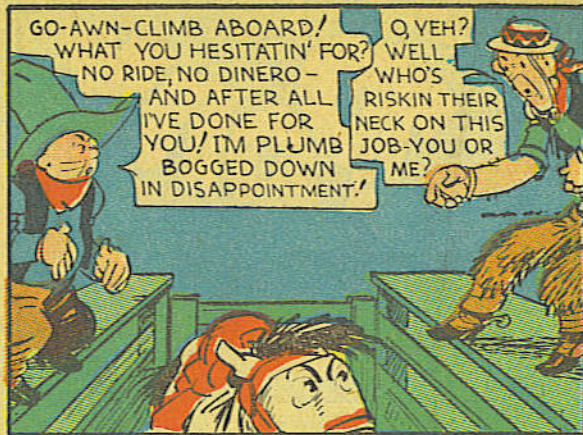


BIG RODEO

CONTESTANTS REGISTER HERE

WE'RE BIG-TIME COWBOYS FROM TH' BRONX CRAVIN' TO ENTER YOUR RODEO CONTESTS.

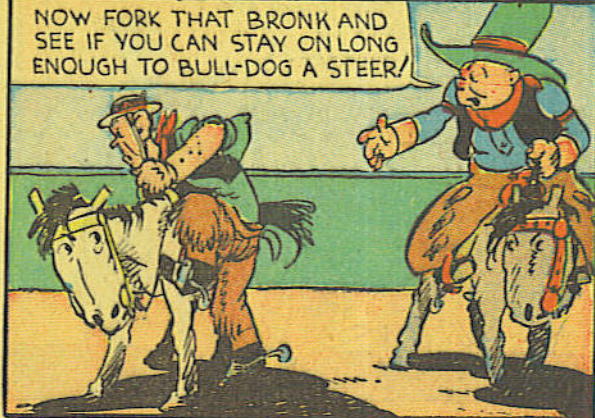
SOMETHIN' FISHY HERE!



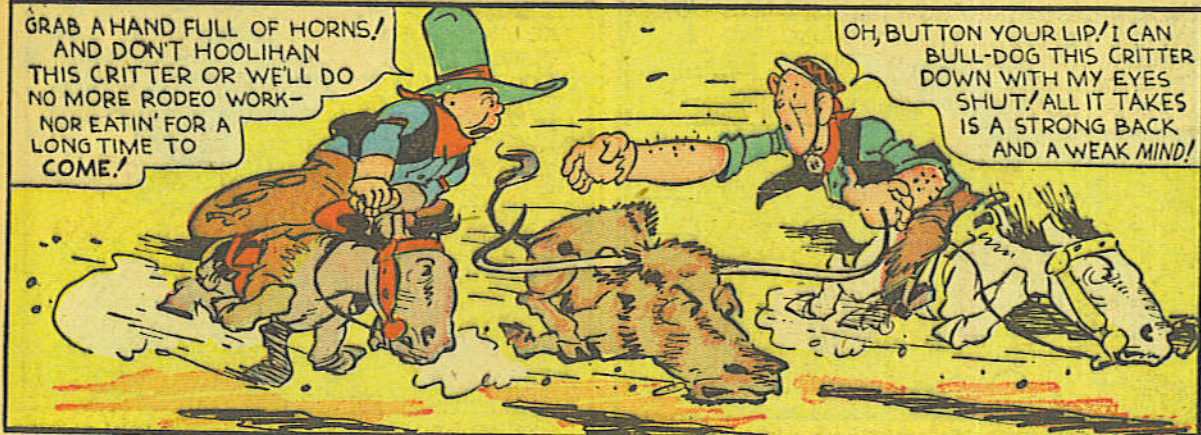
YOU'VE MADE A FINE MESS
OUTA YOUR BRONK RIDIN',
YOU'VE DONE GONE AND
KNOCKED US RIGHT OUTA
TH' BIG MONEY, YOU-YOU....



NOW FORK THAT BRONK AND
SEE IF YOU CAN STAY ON LONG
ENOUGH TO BULL-DOG A STEER!



GRAB A HAND FULL OF HORNS!
AND DON'T HOOLIHAN
THIS CRITTER OR WE'LL DO
NO MORE RODEO WORK-
NOR EATIN' FOR A
LONG TIME TO
COME!

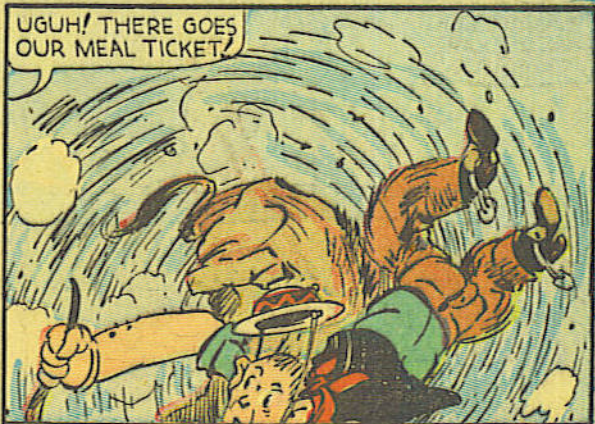


OH, BUTTUN YOUR LIP! I CAN
BULL-DOG THIS CRITTER
DOWN WITH MY EYES
SHUT! ALL IT TAKES
IS A STRONG BACK
AND A WEAK MIND!

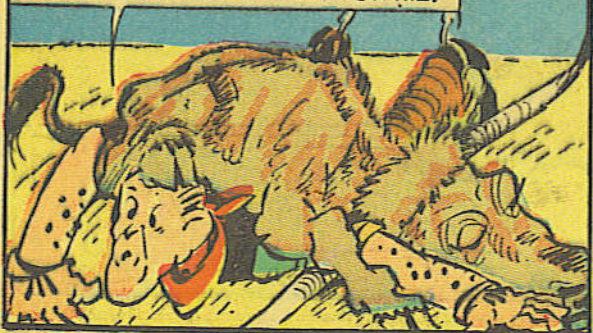
HEY, GET YOUR FEET
DOWN ON TH'
GROUND OR-



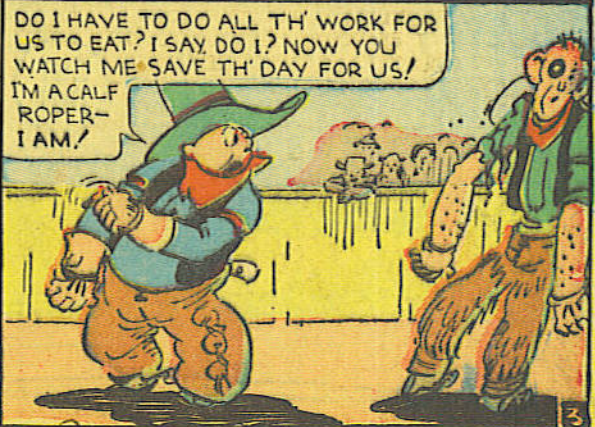
UGUH! THERE GOES
OUR MEAL TICKET!



DAH-GON-IT! THAT HALF PINT IS JUST PLAIN
BAD LUCK TO ME! I'M GOIN' RIGHT BACK TO
TH' WIDE OPEN SPACES WHERE I BELONG! NO
MORE OF THIS DUDE STUFF FOR ME!

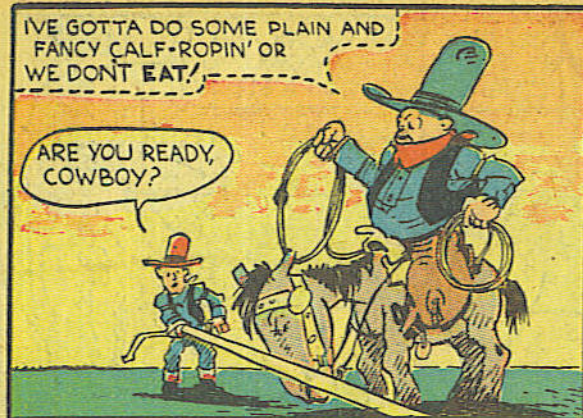


DO I HAVE TO DO ALL TH' WORK FOR
US TO EAT? I SAY, DO I? NOW YOU
WATCH ME SAVE TH' DAY FOR US!
I'M A CALF
ROPER-
I AM!

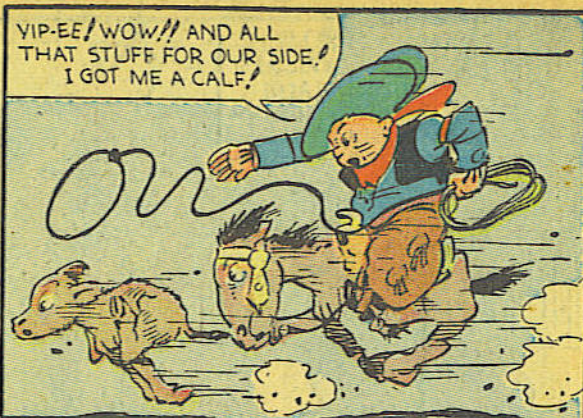


IVE GOTTA DO SOME PLAIN AND
FANCY CALF-ROPIN' OR
WE DONT EAT!

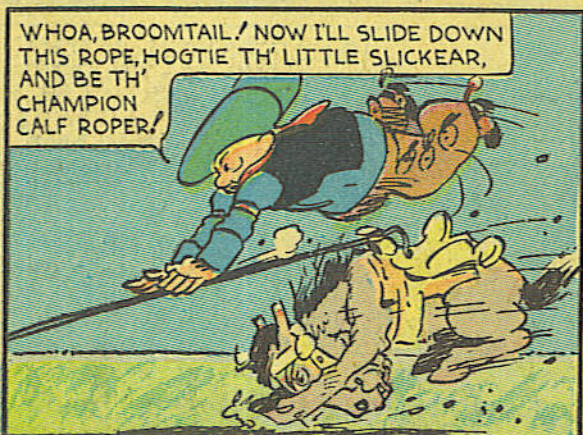
ARE YOU READY,
COWBOY?



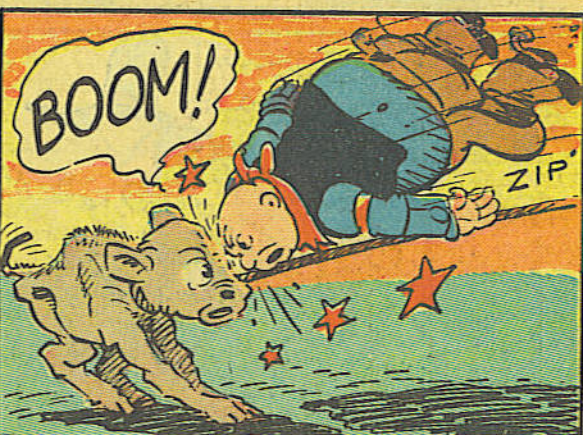
VIP-EE! WOW!! AND ALL
THAT STUFF FOR OUR SIDE!
I GOT ME A CALF!



WHOA, BROOMTAIL! NOW I'LL SLIDE DOWN
THIS ROPE, HOGTIE TH' LITTLE SLICKER,
AND BE TH' CHAMPION CALF ROPER!



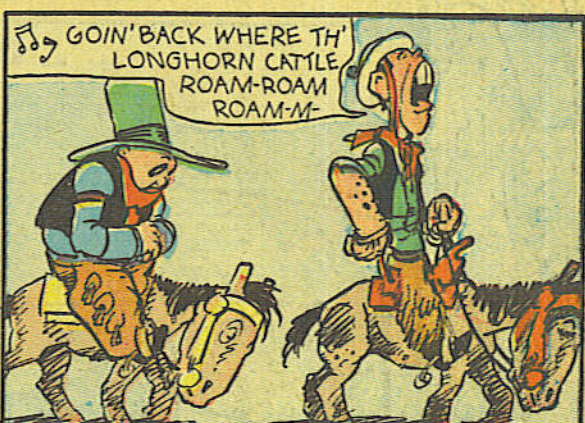
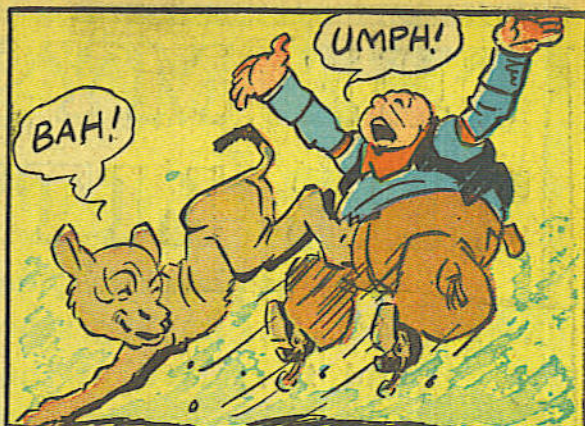
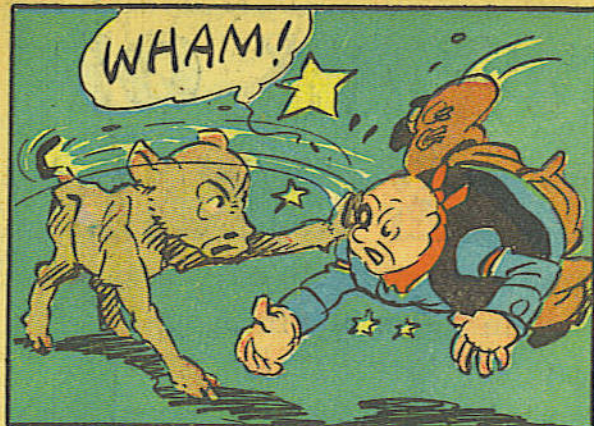
BOOM!



⊕ H-1

CUT
OUT

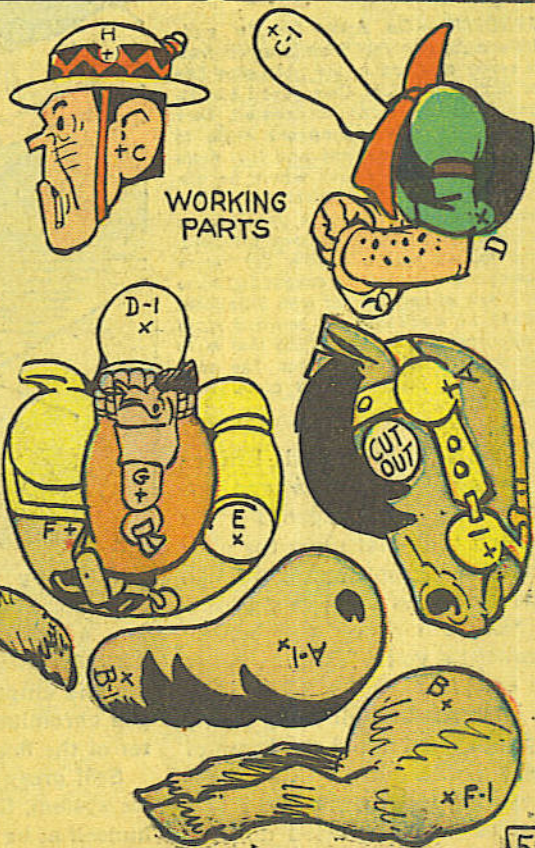
J-1



Jack A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CUTOUT CARTOON

DIRECTIONS:— CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON PAGE 4, CUT OUT HOLE MARKED WITH DOTTED LINES. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE ^{1/2} MOUNT BACKGROUND AND WORKING PARTS WITH RUBBER CEMENT OR PASTE ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. THEN CUT OUT EYE ON HORSE'S HEAD, TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AND SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO POINT A-1, PULL UP PARTS CLOSE, KNOT THREAD AT BACK, CUT THREAD AT KNOT.

REPEAT AT POINT B TO B-1, C-TO C-1, D-TO D-1, E TO E-1, F TO F-1, AND SEW THROUGH AT G, LEAVING ABOUT 2 INCHES OF THREAD FOR HANDLE. SEW POINT H TO H-1 ON BACKGROUND, I TO I-1 AND J TO J-1. PULL THREAD AT POINT H THROUGH HOLE IN BACKGROUND ^{1/2} TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.



THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MEN

The huge glass slowly descended, completely covering Dick. The tingling sensation in his body increased, and it seemed as though the infernal machine was slowly sapping the very blood from his veins.

A DICK COLE Adventure

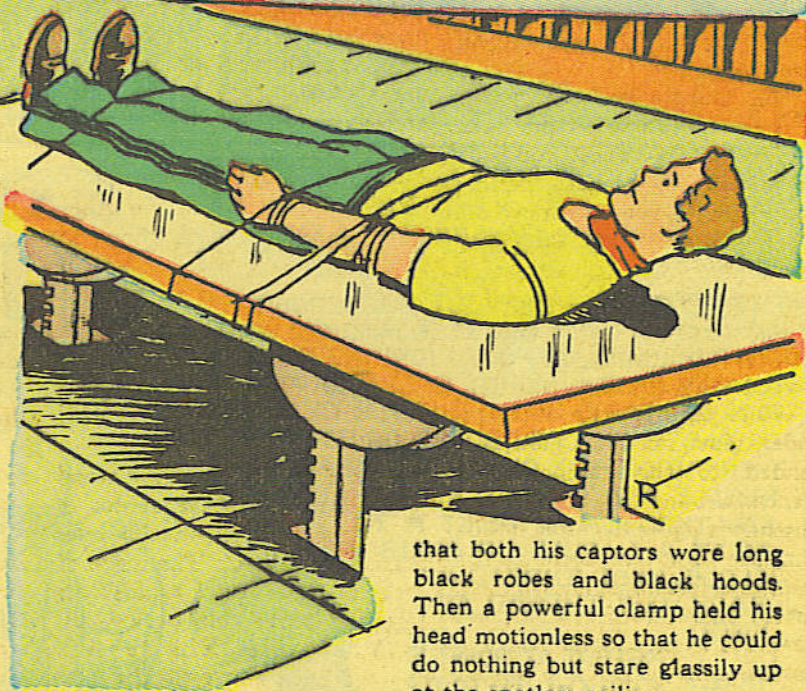
by Stockbridge Winslow



SYNOPSIS.—On Army Day, a nude little man, two feet high, slipped from a sewer and ran in the path of a line of light tanks. Dick Cole saved his life and later the man disappeared. Dick disobeyed his commandant's order to return to Farr Academy and that night crawled into the sewer where he discovered a crumbling tunnel. The tunnel lead Dick under the park and into an ancient cellar. There he was attacked, and jabbed with a needle. But before losing consciousness, he caught a glimpse of a row of cages filled with little men. When he awakened he heard a shrill voice speaking of something that is to be done to him in an hour. The door closed and Dick was left alone with the rats.

THE rust-caked hinges screeched again and the door swung open. For the second time that night the glaring shaft of light slashed through the blackness of Dick's prison. "Leave him on the board," growled a voice. "He'll be easier to carry."

Dick felt himself being swung up into the air, and the beam of light darted out the door. Footsteps thudded at his head and feet as he was carried down a long, dark corridor.



A heavy metal door swung open noiselessly and they passed into a brilliantly lighted room. The place was white and gleaming and empty except for a rugged chromium table in the center of the floor.

Still groggy from the drug in his system, Dick could not help himself as he was securely strapped to the table. He dimly saw

that both his captors wore long black robes and black hoods. Then a powerful clamp held his head motionless so that he could do nothing but stare glassily up at the spotless ceiling.

Faintly at first, and then louder, he heard the approach of the mysterious footsteps. The steps ceased, and though Dick rolled his eyes he could see no one.

Suddenly the shrill voice said: "Dick Cole, the Wonder Boy! Hah! You'll never escape from me. I'll sap your strength and make you weak as a baby. I'll let you keep your perfect body,

but it will be useless!"

A black line suddenly appeared in the center of the ceiling. The next instant it widened and the two halves slid noiselessly apart, revealing a dark cavity above. A huge glass bell slowly descended and settled on the floor, completely covering Dick and the table.

The light filtering through the translucent glass faded, to be immediately replaced by a dull lavender glow. Strange noises pounded on Dick's eardrums; bells rang, motors roared and there was a constant howling undertone.

Dick's body tingled and squirmed under the bonds and he felt as though he were being drawn by a giant magnet. The sucking, pulling sensation increased, and he was aware of his strength slipping away. It seemed that the infernal machine was slowly sapping the very blood from his veins!

HE first noticed the change in his size when the band across his chest suddenly slackened. He shrunk rapidly and the other bonds dropped off. At the same time the table spread out in all directions so that when he finally managed to struggle weakly to his feet he seemed to be standing on a huge, black leather mat.

White light replaced the lavender glow and the globe ascended to the ceiling. Dick glanced around to see a hideous, misshapen figure towering beside him. He took one look at the contorted face that mushroomed out of a collar of leather and steel. He glanced down at the man's feet. One was badly twisted and the other was merely a round, brass-tipped piece of wood protruding from his trouser leg.

A crooked hand shot out and caught Dick on the chest, sending him sprawling across the black expanse of leather.

"See? see?" shrilled the voice. "Even I can knock down Dick Cole!"

Dick launched a blow from the ground and followed it up

with his twenty-four inch body. His fist smacked against a gleaming eyeball and bored in. The man shrieked with pain, stumbled backwards and sat down.

Dick leaped to the floor. Two black shapes appeared suddenly, bellowing with rage, as he raced across the floor. He sprang upwards as he reached the door and clung to the door handle with both hands. The weight of his body released the latch and he kicked viciously at the door jamb. The door swung slowly open. He dropped to the floor and wriggled through.

Along one side of the room he entered was a row of cages. Instantly a score of voices screamed at him. One penetrating voice rose above the rest, "Release us! The switch is on the wall!"

The door behind Dick swung open to admit his two pursuers. He dove for the wall and, as a huge hand closed on his shoulder, managed to throw the switch. The doors of the cages burst open, and with the fury of starving wolves the little men hurled themselves on their captors.

First one and then the other pursuer crashed to the floor, to be immediately covered with a squirming mass of gouging, scratching, biting bodies. In two minutes both were senseless.

"Get Mornay!" shouted someone, and the sea of little figures surged toward the door.

MORNAY, the cripple, stood dumbly in the center of the other room, his eyes glazed with terror. The wave of little men smashed against his legs and drove him backwards.

"The table! The table!" shouted Dick above the din.

Monay's steel brace struck the table and he toppled backwards onto the leather top. In an instant Dick and several others swung his feet upwards and he was immediately pinned on his back.

"Now, Mornay," said Dick, "tell us how we can regain our normal size."

The cripple laughed insanely. "Never, never! You'll never

be big again! All you'll be good for is a circus sideshow!"

"All right," snapped Dick. "Strap him down, fellows. We'll make him one of us."

"No, no, you'll kill me! You don't know how to operate the mechanism!"

"Then show us how to change our bodies," Dick replied.

Mornay gulped. "All right, I'll do it!"

The cripple was hauled to his feet and dragged across the room to the control panel. "How do we know we can trust him?" asked someone.

"I'll go first," said Dick. "If you think he's double-crossing us, gouge his eyes out."

Dick scrambled onto the table, and the last thing he saw as the bell settled over him was Mornay leaning weakly against the wall, completely covered with small, watchful figures.

The process was reversed, although the noise was the same. Strong currents surged through Dick's body as it rapidly expanded to normal. When the bell lifted he leaped from the table.

A second little man climbed to the table and the process was repeated. When he was normal he jumped from the table, picked up one of his comrades, and gently placed him on the black leather. As the bell descended he joined Dick.

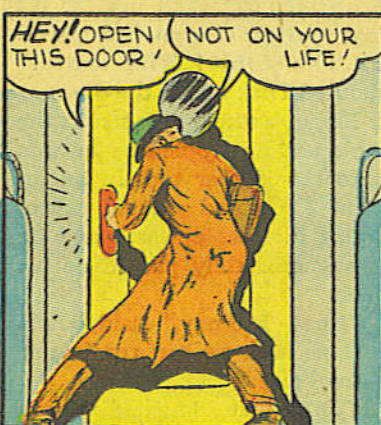
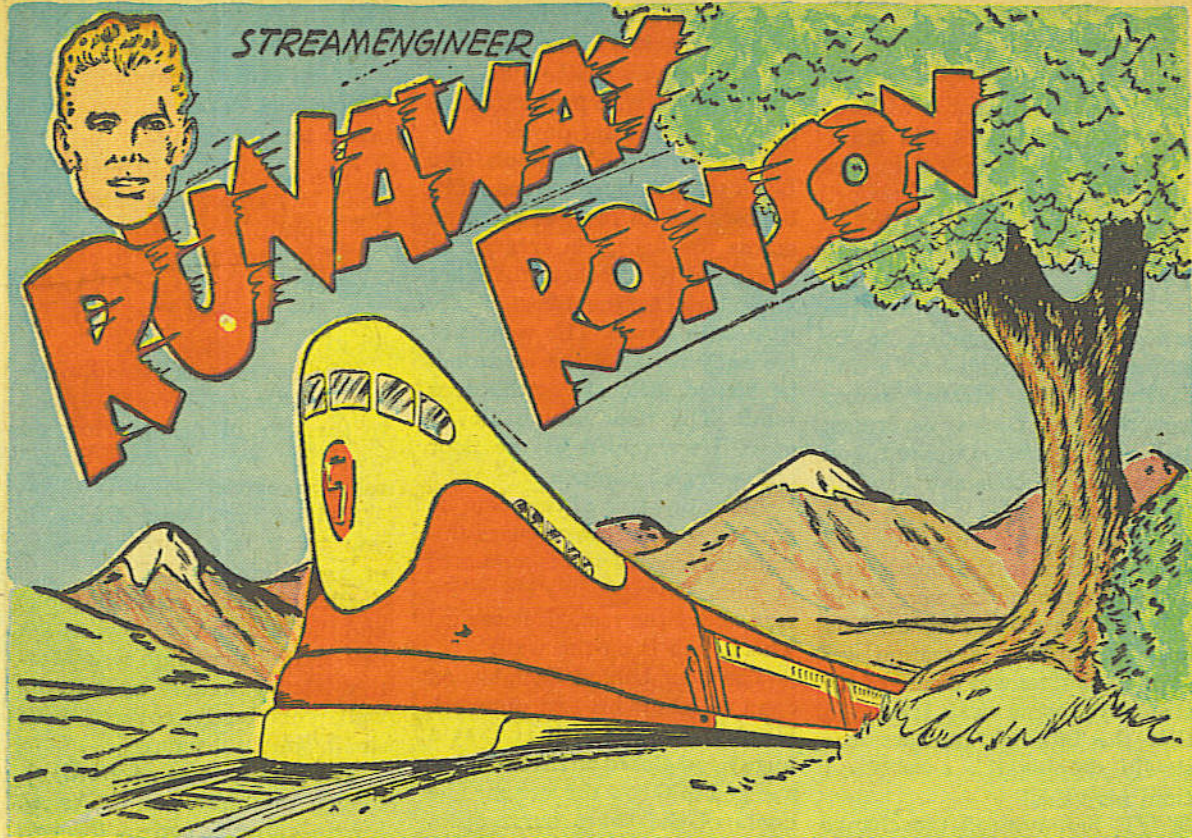
"What's the explanation for all this?" asked Dick in a low voice.

"Mornay's mind is warped," was the whispered reply. "He was a famous bicyclist years ago. He was pocketed in a race and there was an accident. His back was broken, one leg twisted and the other horribly mangled. He was crippled for life. As he grew older he came to hate athletes. His money enabled him to kidnap us and make us his slaves."

Dick shook his head. "It seems unbelievable."

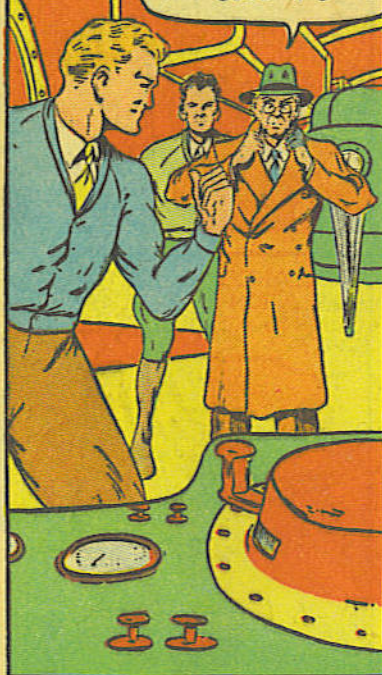
"It was a nightmare to all of us," said the other man, "—until you came along. We'll never forget Dick Cole."

THE END



YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN!
NOW BEAT IT BEFORE
I THROW YOU
OUT!

TAKE IT EASY
NOW... YOU'LL
RECOGNIZE ME AS
SOON AS I TURN
MY COLLAR DOWN!



JUMPING HOP-TOADS! YOU'RE
EDGAR MONROE, OF THE
RAILROAD BOARD! WHY
DIDN'T YOU SAY
SO?

I COULDN'T!
I WAS
FOLLOWED!



WE'D BETTER CALL THE
POLICE IN ON
THIS!

NO! IT MIGHT
START UNPLEASANT
INTERNATIONAL
COMPLICATIONS!



I REFUSED A BRANCH OF A
FOREIGN MUNITIONS
COMPANY THE RIGHTS TO
SHIP THEIR PRODUCTS TO THE
ATLANTIC COAST BY RAIL-
AND BECAUSE OF IT, MY
LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED
TWICE!



YES... IT MIGHT... AND YOU
WOULDN'T WANT THAT
TO HAPPEN!

IT'S
HIM...
THE
FELLOW WHO'S
BEEN FOLLOWING
ME!



YES! THIS MASTER KEY LET
ME IN HERE! YOU GOT
AWAY FROM ME TWICE
MONROE, BUT NOT
THIS TIME!



YOU WON'T BE ALLOWED TO
SHIP AMMUNITION BY RAIL
EVEN IF YOU KILL EVERY
MAN ON THE RAILROAD
BOARD!



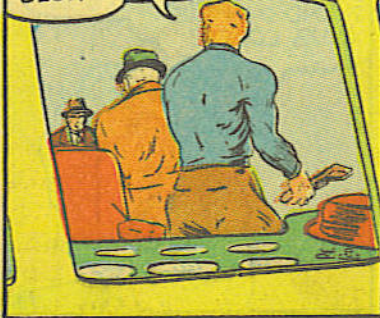
A LITTLE MONEY ON THE SIDE
HAS TAKEN CARE OF THAT!
AS SOON AS YOU ARE OUT
OF THE WAY, YOUR FELLOW
BOARDMEN WILL COME
TO TERMS WITH US!



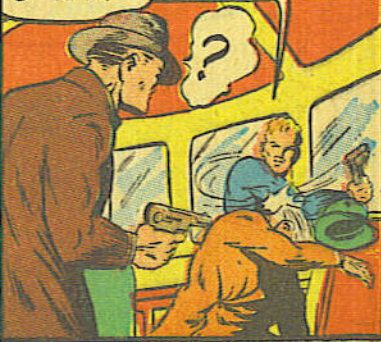
MEN IN MY DEPARTMENT
BRIBED??? THIS SOUNDS
LIKE THE WORK OF
SPIES... NOT JUST MONROE.
THE COMPANY MOVE IN
ITSELF! FRONT OF
ME!

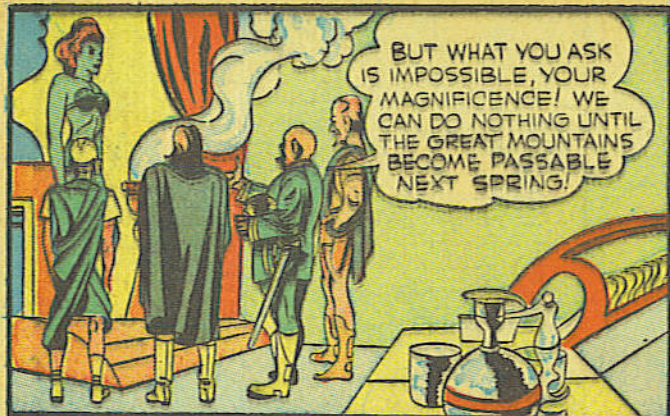


THAT'S IT! I'M GOING TO HIT
YOU WITH A WRENCH SO
RIDE WITH THE
BLOW!

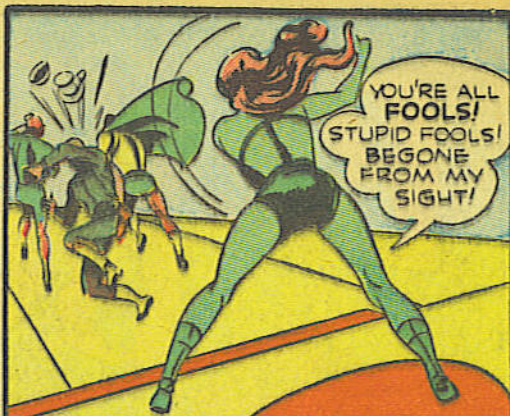


PUT YOUR GUN AWAY, COMRADE,
THIS WILL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!





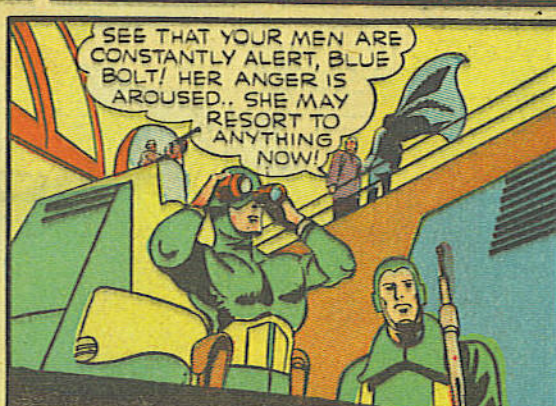
BUT WHAT YOU ASK IS IMPOSSIBLE, YOUR MAGNIFICENCE! WE CAN DO NOTHING UNTIL THE GREAT MOUNTAINS BECOME PASSABLE NEXT SPRING!



YOU'RE ALL FOOLS! STUPID FOOLS! BEGONE FROM MY SIGHT!



LOOK AT THOSE POMPOUS GOLD BRAIDS RUN! THAT GAL SURE HAS A TEMPER!



SEE THAT YOUR MEN ARE CONSTANTLY ALERT, BLUE BOLT! HER ANGER IS AROUSED... SHE MAY RESORT TO ANYTHING NOW!



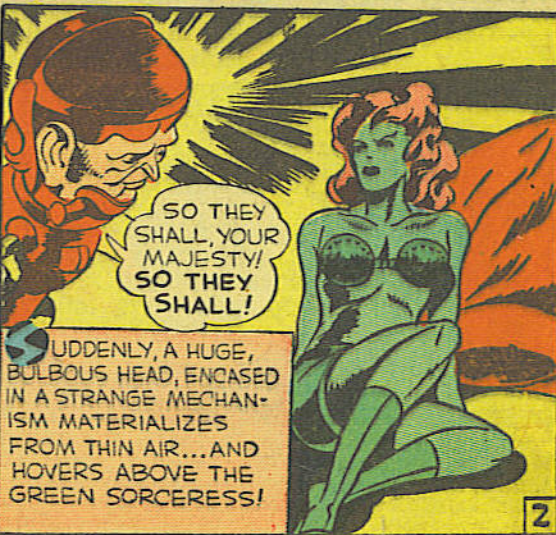
RETIRING TO THE PRIVACY OF HER CHAMBERS, THE GREEN SORCERESS BROODS FOR DAYS... HER MIND SEETHES WITH HATE AND VENGEANCE.



MEANWHILE, DISSENSION AND CONSPIRACY SPREAD AMONG THE NOBILITY... THE WORD "REVOLT" IS WHISPERED IN HUSHED TONES!

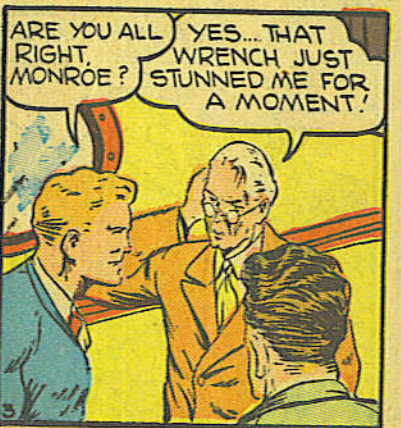


THOSE MOUNTAINS OF ICE MUST BE OVERCOME! I DON'T CARE IF THEIR PEAKS JUT INTO SPACE ITSELF... MY ARMIES SHALL CROSS--SOMEHOW! BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT SHALL YET BE CRUSHED!



SO THEY SHALL, YOUR MAJESTY! SO THEY SHALL!

S UDDENLY, A HUGE, BULBOUS HEAD, ENCASED IN A STRANGE MECHANISM MATERIALIZES FROM THIN AIR...AND HOVERS ABOVE THE GREEN SORCERESS!





WELL...NOW WHAT?
HANG IT! THE CLUB COACH WOULD BE FULL OF PEOPLE!



PAT... GO BACK TO THE ENGINE AND GET SOME RAGS AND PAPER SOAKED IN OIL! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE'LL FIND OPERATORS 7 AND 9!



MEANWHILE... IN THE CLUB COACH...
WHAT'S KEEPING I WISH I 24 SO LONG? KNEW! MAYBE.....



BUT NO... NOTHING COULD GO WRONG! PERHAPS MONROE HAS SEEN OUR COUNTRY'S WAY AND WILL COME TO TERMS!



LOOK SMOKE! THE TRAIN IS ON FIRE!



IT'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, FOLKS! JUST STEP INTO THE REAR COACH AND WE'LL HAVE IT OUT IN A MINUTE!



THE ENGINEER. WHAT'S HE DOING HERE ?? SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG!



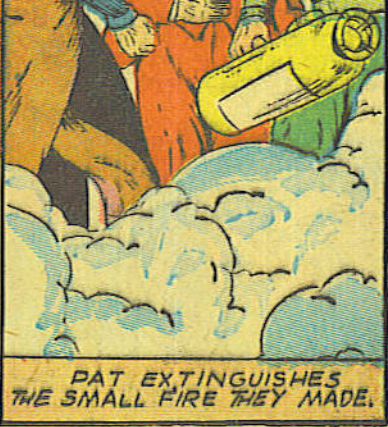
I SAID TO THE REAR CAR BUD! BUT WE'RE GOING THIS WAY! 'AT'S THEM!



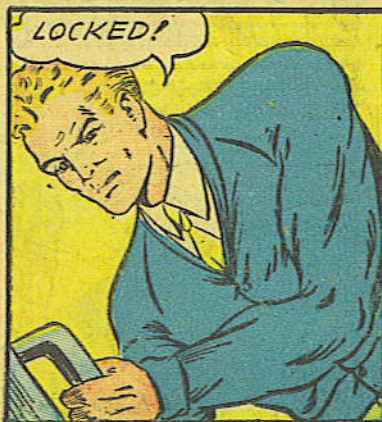
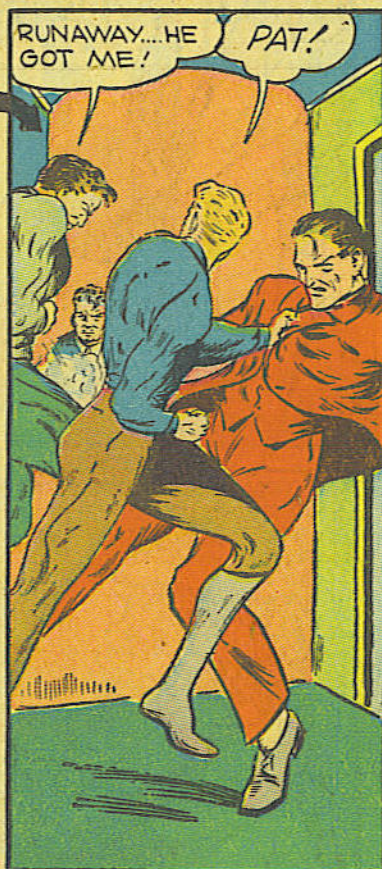
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.... OPERATORS 7 AND 9... TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO OPERATOR 24!



SINCE YOU'RE SO CLEVER ... YES! YOU WERE VERY FOOLISH TO STEP OUT SO BOLDLY! NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR IT!



PAT EXTINGUISHES THE SMALL FIRE THEY MADE.



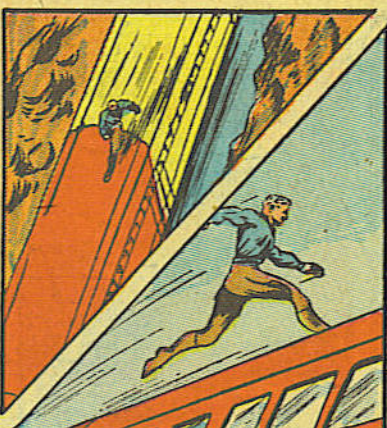
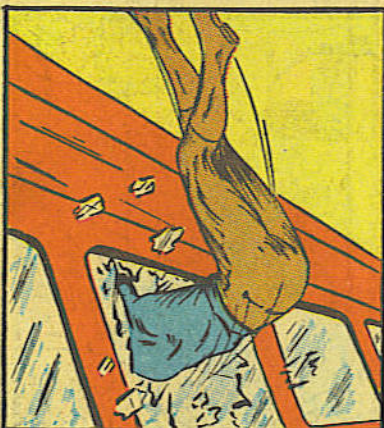
NOT AS CLEVER AS YOU
THOUGHT YOU WERE!



I'M NOT LICKED YET, BUD!



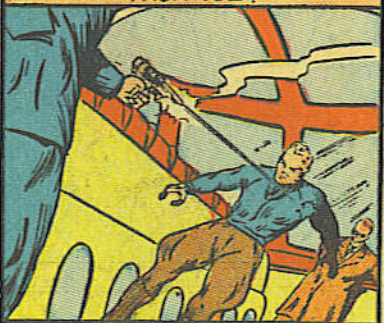
THAT WINDOW IS THE BEST
BET I HAVE TO GET TO
MONROE BEFORE THAT
OTHER GEESEY
DOES!



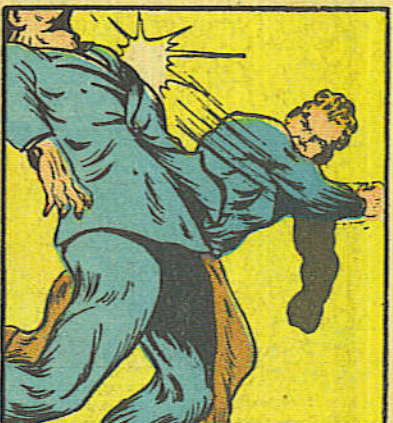
ALL RIGHT, MONROE.... SAY
YOUR PRAYERS!



AS THE SPY'S GUN BLASTS OUT,
RUNAWAY CRASHES INTO THE
ENGINE ROOM IN FRONT OF
MONROE.



YOU GOT MY LEFT ARM... BUT
MY RIGHT ONE IS STILL
GOOD!



IF THIS DOESN'T HOLD YOU,
I'LL NAIL YOU DOWN WITH
A MONKEY-WRENCH!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER... IN A HOSPITAL...

IT'S MEN LIKE YOU... WHO WORK FOR THE
GOVERNMENT WITHOUT ACTUALLY BEING
ON IT'S PAY-ROLL... THAT HAVE MADE
THIS COUNTRY WHAT IT IS TODAY!

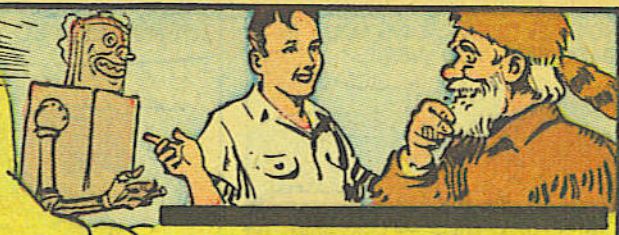
WELL, MR. PRESIDENT... IT'S
MY COUNTRY AS WELL
AS YOURS!



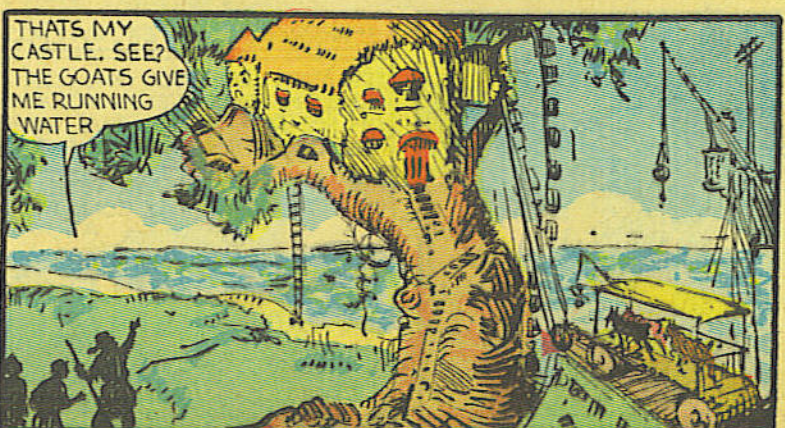
ANOTHER
EPISODE OF
'RUNAWAY RONSON'
WILL APPEAR IN
THE NEXT ISSUE!

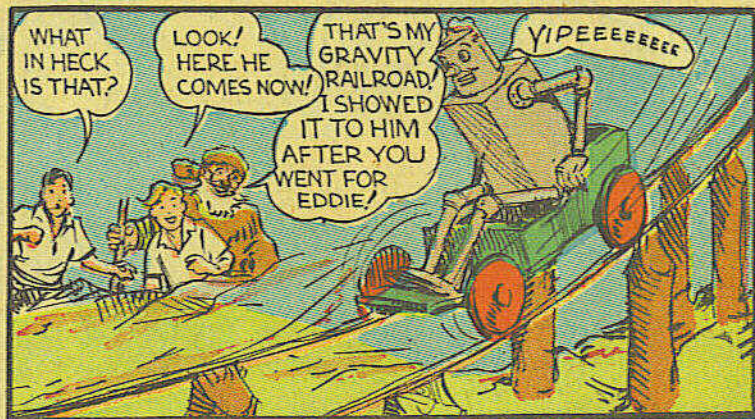
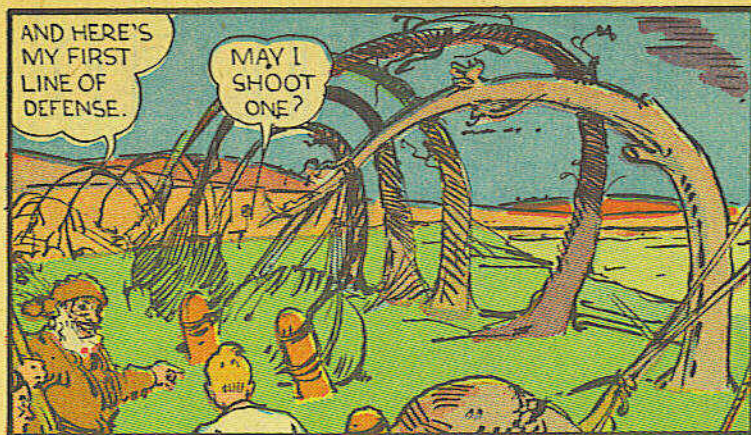
EDISON BELL

YOUNG INVENTOR



WHILE ON A CAMPING TRIP EDDIE MAKES A PADDLE WHEEL BOAT IN WHICH JERRY AND FRANKIE SAIL OUT TO A SMALL ISLAND ON THE LAKE. ON THE ISLAND THEY MEET THE STRANGE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF KING ROBINSON!





Here's How to Make a Gravity Railroad Like KING ROBINSON'S!

TO MAKE A TOY RAILROAD LIKE KING ROBINSON'S, YOU WILL HAVE TO LOCATE TWO PIECES OF HEAVY WIRE, THEN STRING THEM ALONG TWO ROWS OF NOTCHED LOGS AND NAIL THEM DOWN.

NOTCH THE LOGS LIKE THIS....

CABLE GOES HERE

SOAP BOX
2" X 4" S

BOTTOM VIEW

GRAVITY CAR ON TRACK

Headless Nails

THE CAR RIDES ON THE WIRE RUBBER TIRES ARE REMOVED.

CABLES

LOGS

HERE IS HOW THE TRACK WILL LOOK WHEN FINISHED. THE CAR STARTS FROM THE TOP AND STOPS WHEN IT COMES TO THE RISE AT THE BOTTOM...

THE WHITE RIDER

AND

SUPERHORSE

SUPERHORSE, THAT AMAZING ANIMAL OF MIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE, PRODUCT OF A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE INTENSE PULL OF GRAVITY RESULTED IN HIS ABNORMAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, CONTINUES TO WORK WITH HIS MASTER, THE WHITE RIDER, IN HELPING THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED.

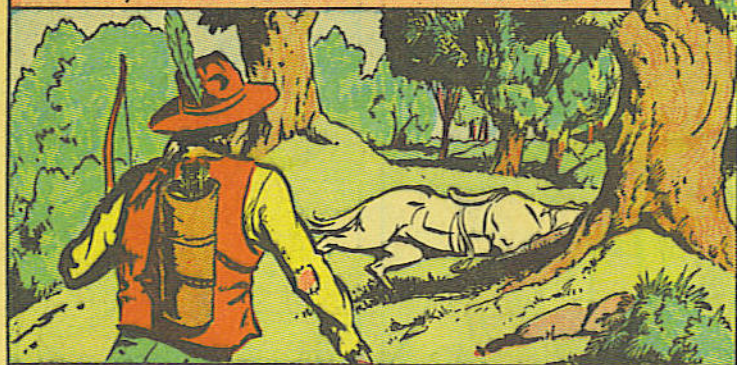
THE GREAT SUPERHORSE, CLOUD, RACES THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE CAMP OF THE WHITE RIDER, HIS MASTER-

-UNAWARE OF THE PAIR OF PIERCING HUNGRY EYES THAT WATCH HIM FROM CONCEALMENT.

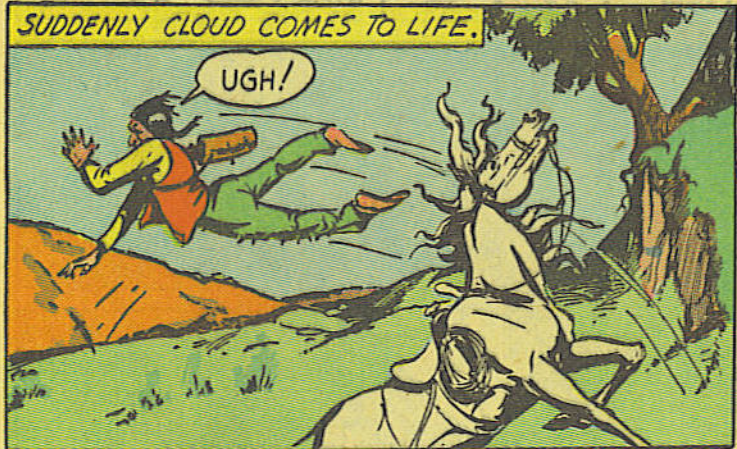
CLOUD'S KEEN EARS DETECT A FAINT RUSTLING SOUND.

THE NEXT INSTANT, THE GREAT HORSE LEAPS HIGH IN THE AIR AS AN ARROW STRIKES HIM.

AS THE GREAT HORSE LIES SHUDDERING ON THE GROUND, A RAGGED INDIAN APPROACHES.



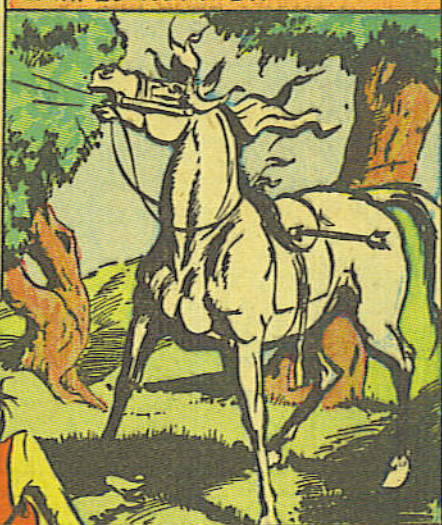
SUDDENLY CLOUD COMES TO LIFE.



GET-UM NOW!

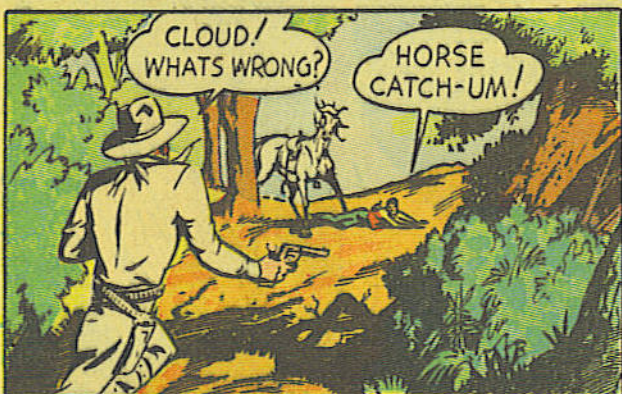


HOLDING THE INDIAN PRISONER, CLOUD WHINNIES FOR HIS MASTER, CAMPED NEAR BY.



CLOUD!
WHATS WRONG?

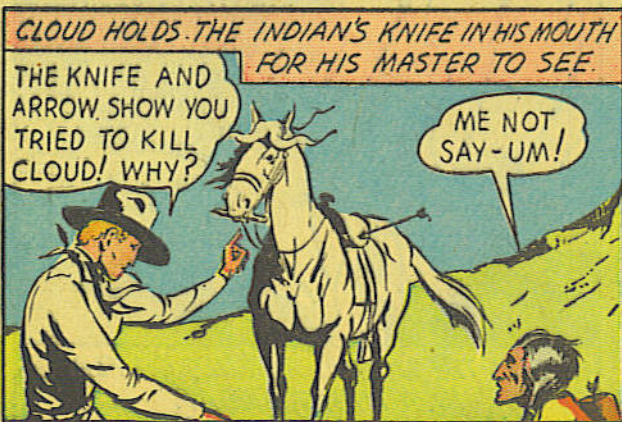
HORSE
CATCH-UM!



CLOUD HOLDS THE INDIAN'S KNIFE IN HIS MOUTH
FOR HIS MASTER TO SEE.

THE KNIFE AND
ARROW SHOW YOU
TRIED TO KILL
CLOUD! WHY?

ME NOT
SAY-UM!



THEN CLOUD WILL
MAKE YOU TALK!

NO! NO!





THAT NIGHT, AT THE RESERVATION, CLOUD IS LOOKED UPON AS FOOD ONLY. FEARING FOR HIS HORSE'S SAFETY, THE WHITE RIDER GETS AN IDEA KNOWING THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INDIAN, HE SIGNALS TO SUPERHORSE WHO-



-CLEARS THE LICKING TONGUES OF FLAME IN A MIGHTY LEAP.



YOU SENT BY GODS TO HELP-UM
INDIANS IN GREAT TROUBLE!

YOU LEAD-UM
US!



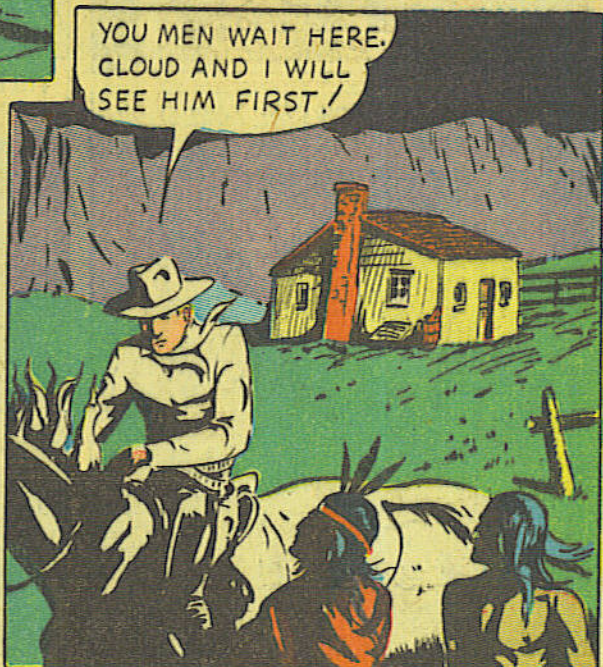
WHY MUST YOU USE FORCE?

AGENT AND WHITE
FATHER FAIL US. INJIN
HUNGRY, NO FOOD,
WAR BRING PLENTY.

LEAD ME
TO THIS AGENT
FIRST!



THE INDIANS LEAD THE WHITE
RIDER TO THE AGENT.

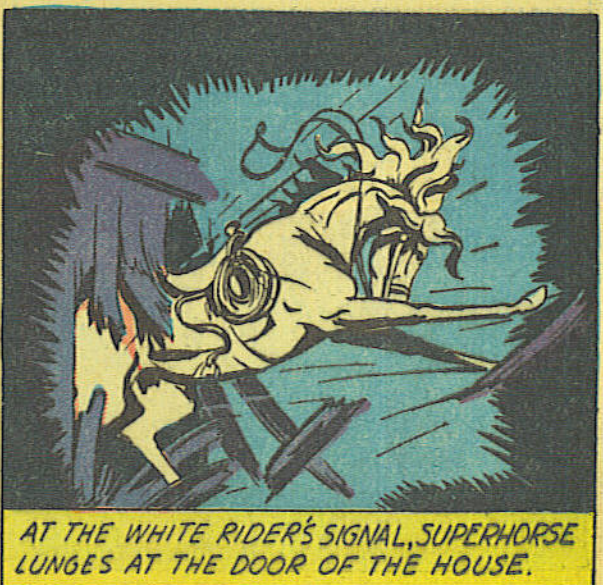
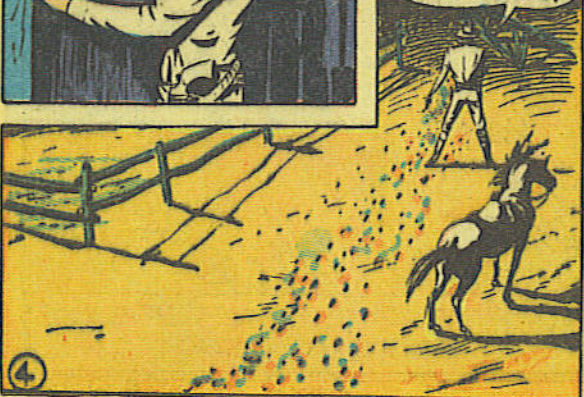


YOU MEN WAIT HERE.
CLOUD AND I WILL
SEE HIM FIRST!



WINDOWS, DOORS, EVERYTHING
LOCKED TIGHT! WONDER WHERE
HE IS THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
LET'S LOOK
AROUND THE
PLACE, CLOUD.

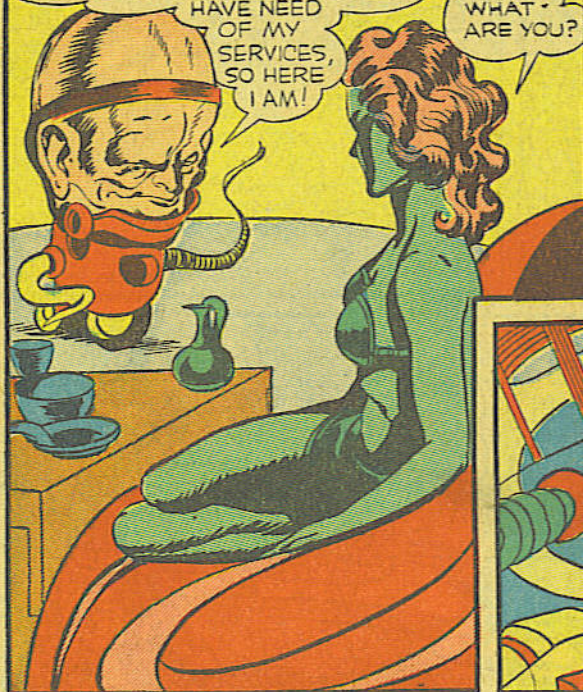
AH! FRESH CATTLE
TRACKS OUT OF
THE CORRAL!
MUST BE THE
INDIAN'S CATTLE,
ALL RIGHT I'LL
SOON FIND OUT!
COME ON, CLOUD,
WE'RE GOING INTO
THAT HOUSE!



AT THE WHITE RIDER'S SIGNAL, SUPERHORSE
LUNGES AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

"NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, YOUR MAJESTY! MY SOMEWHAT RECEPTIVE MIND PICKED UP THE CONCENTRATED POWER OF YOUR THOUGHTS! BEING A LADY IN DISTRESS, I THOUGHT, YOU MIGHT HAVE NEED OF MY SERVICES, SO HERE I AM!"

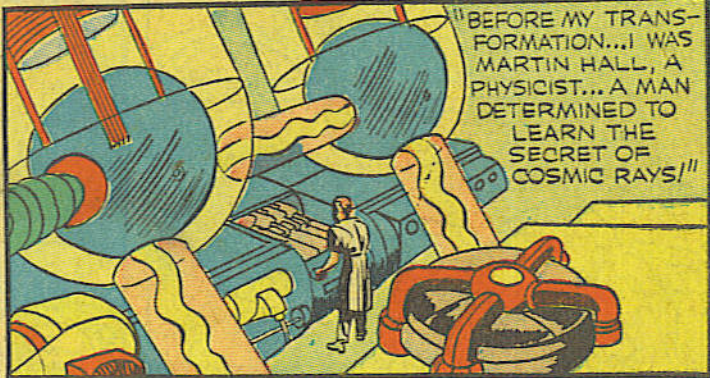
WHO... WHAT... ARE YOU?



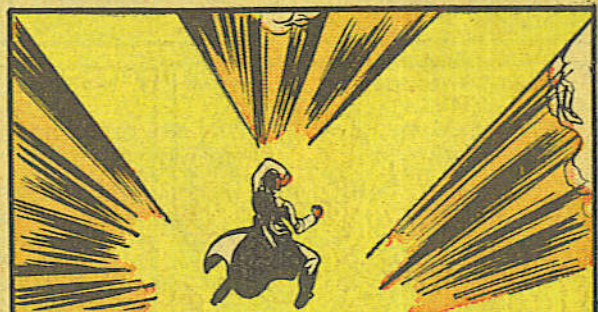
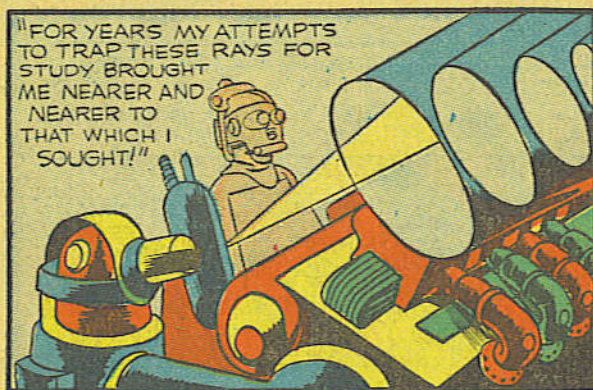
I AM **MARTO**, YOUR MAJESTY... A CREATION OF MY OWN EXPERIMENT! ONCE A MERE SCIENTIST- TRYING TO WREST A GREAT SECRET FROM THE COSMOS... NOW THE LONE REPRESENTATIVE OF A RACE THAT WILL NEVER EXIST!



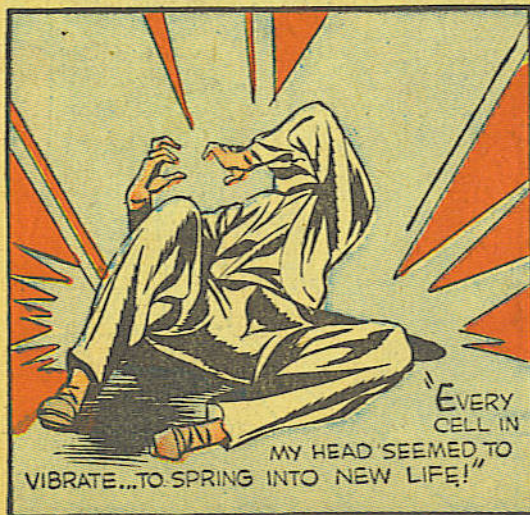
"BEFORE MY TRANSFORMATION... I WAS MARTIN HALL, A PHYSICIST... A MAN DETERMINED TO LEARN THE SECRET OF COSMIC RAYS!"



"FOR YEARS MY ATTEMPTS TO TRAP THESE RAYS FOR STUDY BROUGHT ME NEARER AND NEARER TO THAT WHICH I SOUGHT!"

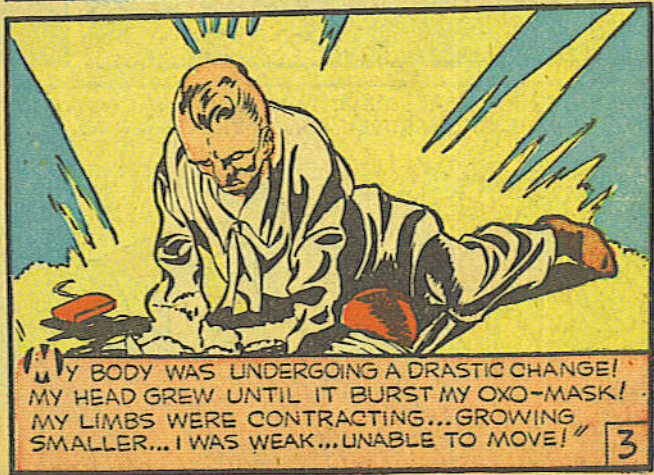


"THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENED... MY GIANT ATTRACTORS UNLOCKED THE UNKNOWN.... I HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE POWER OF THE TRAPPED RAYS! I COULD NOT CONTROL THEM! I WAS CAUGHT IN THEIR MERCILESS GLARE!"



EVERY CELL IN

MY HEAD SEEMED TO VIBRATE... TO SPRING INTO NEW LIFE!"



"MY BODY WAS UNDERGOING A DRASTIC CHANGE! MY HEAD GREW UNTIL IT BURST MY OXO-MASK! MY LIMBS WERE CONTRACTING... GROWING SMALLER... I WAS WEAK... UNABLE TO MOVE!"

AH! THAT'S WHAT I WANT-THE
RECEIPT FOR THE CATTLE!
NOW TO FOLLOW THOSE CATTLE
TRACKS!



INSIDE THE HOUSE.

CHIEF, CLOUD AND I WILL LEAD
YOU TO YOUR CATTLE, IF YOU
AND YOUR MEN FOLLOW.

WILL FOLLOW!

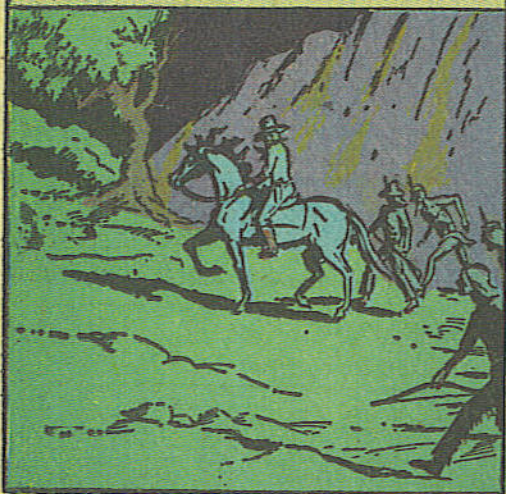


SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR SOUND IS HEARD, REPEATED
AGAIN AND AGAIN. THEY LEAVE THE TRAIL AND GO
TO A CLIFF NEAR BY, LOOKING DOWN THEY SEE—

THERE ARE YOUR
CATTLE, CHIEF!

UGH! WILL GET-UM
NOW! QUICK!

SUPERHORSE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL STEAD-
ILY, WITH THE INDIANS CLOSE BEHIND.



THE WHITE RIDER STOPS THE CHIEF, AND
TELLS HIM OF A PLAN HE HAS.

BUT HOW WE YOU'LL SEE HOW LATER! JUST TAKE
CATCH-UM YOUR MEN AND CLOSE THAT EXIT FROM
THIEF? THE VALLEY, AND DON'T
FORGET THE SIGNAL!



WHEN THE EXIT IS CLOSED, THERE SOUNDS
THE CRY OF THE WHIPPOORWILL, THE
SIGNAL FOR SUPERHORSE TO GO INTO ACTION.



SUPERHORSE GETS THE CATTLE MOVING AND HEADS THEM TOWARD THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY.



WHAT'S THAT- THE LAW? NAW! JUST A STAMPEDE! WELL COME ON! WE GOTTA STOP EM!



THE EXIT FROM THE VALLEY BLOCKED, THE CATTLE POUR INTO A STONE POCKET NEAR BY.



IF THE LAW SEES THEM CATTLE, WE'RE DONE FER! I HOPE THET AGENT'S STILL TIED UP! YEAH! COME ON! HURRY!



THE THIEVES FOLLOW THE CATTLE INTO THE POCKET, THEN THE INDIANS LEAVE THEIR HIDING PLACES AND RUSH TO THE ENTRANCE.



THEY TRAP THE THIEVES, ONE OF THEM THE RANCHER WHO SOLD THE INDIAN AGENT THE CATTLE.



SO YOU STOLE THE CATTLE BACK AFTER GIVING THE INDIAN AGENT THE RECEIPT FOR PAYMENT? WHERE'S THE AGENT NOW?

TIED UP! WE WERE SAVIN' HIM IN CASE WE GOT INTO TROUBLE. HE'S UP THE HILL IN A SHACK.

HEAP PLENTY MEAT NOW- THANK-UM TO GOD HORSE!



SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER APPEAR AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

KIE
FER



Old Cap Hawkins, the Retired Mariner, tells his little pal, Joey, tales of great men and the traditions they made.

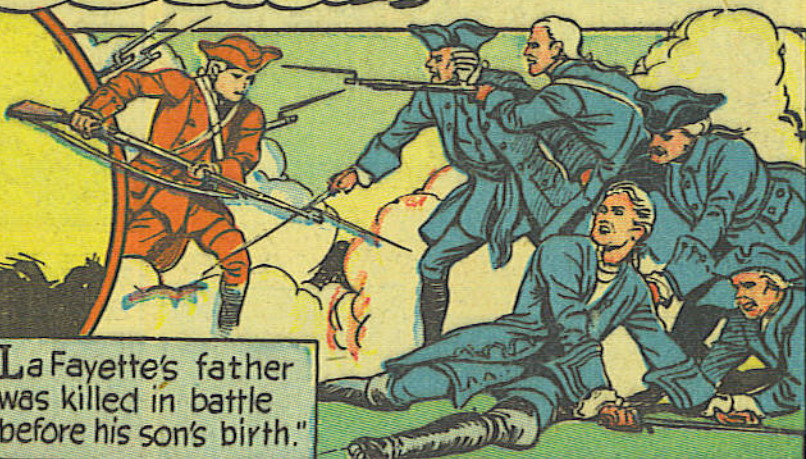
SON, WHEN I READ OF TYRANNY LIKE THIS I THINK OF THE GREAT FRIEND OF FREEDOM WHO SAID:

"LIBERTY - LONG LIVE LIBERTY!"



La Fayette

"La Fayette's father was killed in battle before his son's birth."



"The boy was raised by his mother and two aunts."



"At 14 he was sent to Paris to study."



"There he entered a famous military school."

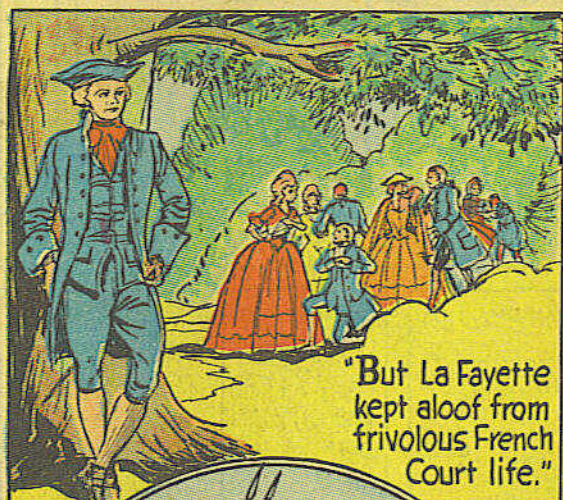
A circular inset portrait of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, with her signature elaborate hairstyle and yellow and red dress.

Marie .
Antoinette

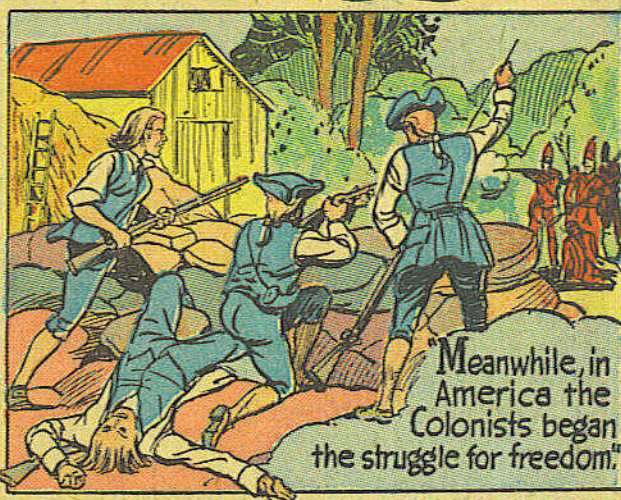
"At 17 he was presented to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and wife of Louis XVI. He remained at court."

A circular inset portrait of Louis XVI, King of France, with a powdered wig and a blue coat.

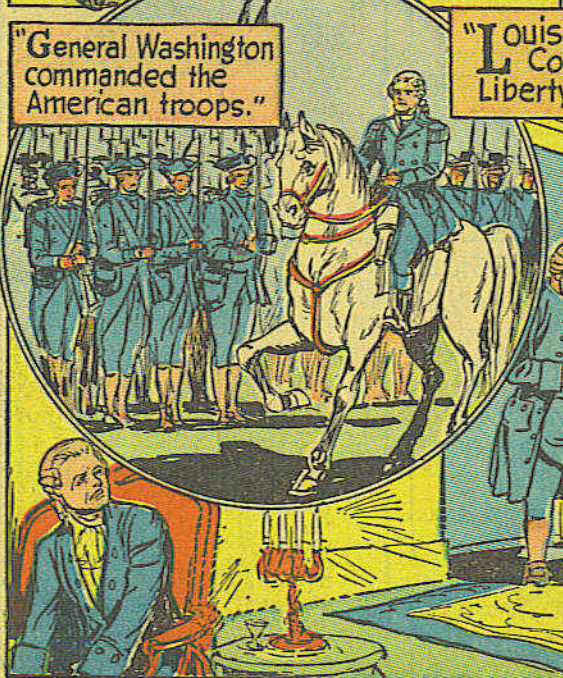
Louis XVI



"But La Fayette kept aloof from frivolous French Court life."



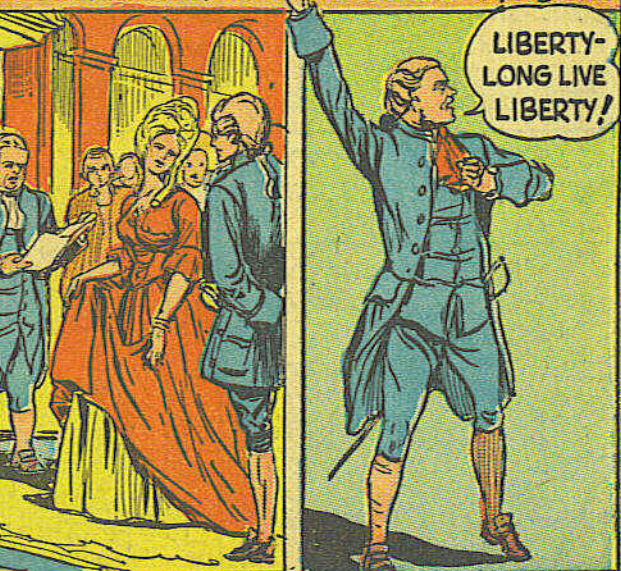
"Meanwhile, in America the Colonists began the struggle for freedom."



"General Washington commanded the American troops."

"Louis learned of their struggle and told the Court that the Americans were fighting for Liberty. La Fayette leaped to his feet crying...."

LIBERTY-
LONG LIVE
LIBERTY!



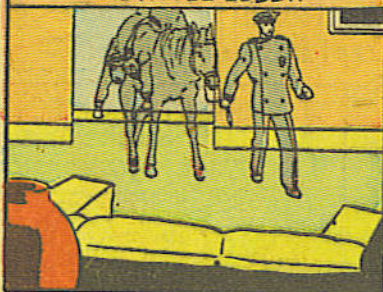
Sergeant Spook



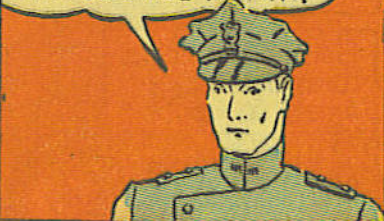
by
MALCOLM KILDALE

SERGEANT SPOOK, THE GHOST COP, HAS CAPTURED JESSE JAMES AND HIS GHOST GANG IN A HOTEL AFTER JESSE JAMES HELD UP A TRAIN. IN A TERRIFIC FIGHT, SERGEANT SPOOK KNOCKS THE GANG OUT, BUT HE HASN'T AS YET RECOVERED THE MAIL BAG JESSE JAMES STOLE.

WITH THE GHOST GANG PILED ON JESSE'S GHOST HORSE, SERGEANT SPOOK MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY.



H-M-M-NOW THAT I'VE CAUGHT THIS GANG WHAT WILL I DO WITH THEM? I CAN'T TAKE THEM TO THE CITY JAIL; BECAUSE THEY CAN WALK THROUGH THE BARS AND BE FREE AGAIN!



AS SERGEANT SPOOK REACHES THE STREET, HE HEARS SOMEONE CALL HIM.



TURNING, SPOOK COMES FACE TO FACE WITH ANOTHER GHOST.



MY DEAR FELLOW, I AM DOCTOR SHERLOCK WE GHOSTS COME FROM GHOST-TOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY. HAVEN'T YOU EVER BEEN THERE?

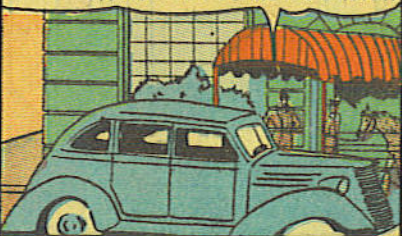


NO, I HAVEN'T. H-M-M! DON'T KNOW HOW WE MISSED SENDING FOR YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF?



SERGEANT SPOOK EXPLAINS HIS CAREER AS A GHOST CRIME BUSTER.

YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE RULES OF GHOST TOWN TO BE HOBNOBBIN' WITH MORTALS. THEY SCARE TOO EASILY.



GHOSTS AREN'T PERMITTED TO LEAVE GHOST TOWN.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THEN?



I RUN A DETECTIVE AGENCY IN GHOST TOWN. WHEN JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG LEFT, THE PRESIDENT ISSUED A SPECIAL PASS FOR ME AND I WAS COMMISSIONED TO BRING THEM BACK- DEAD OR ALIVE!



DEAD OR ALIVE? BUT I KNOW! THEY'RE GHOSTS LIKE US! SILLY, ISN'T IT? THAT'S JUST AN OLD PHRASE THAT HAS HUNG ON.



BUT COME! I SEE YOU HAVE CAPTURED JESSE AND HIS GANG. LET'S GET THEM BACK TO GHOST TOWN WHERE THEY MUST STAND TRIAL! WE CAN TALK AS WE TRAVEL.



WITH THE GANG PILED IN THE BACK OF A CAR, AND SPOOK AND SHERLOCK IN THE FRONT, THEY DRIVE OFF.

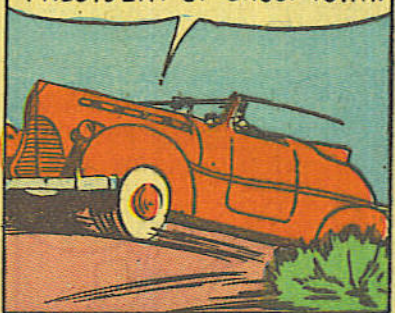


YEOW! WHAT TH-? THERE GOES A CAR, WITH NOBODY IN IT!

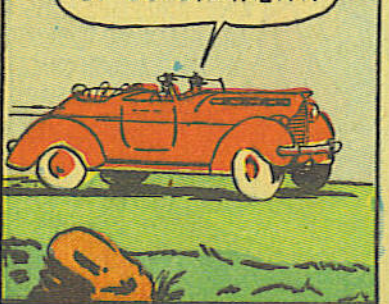
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT DOORMAN? WE SCARED A YEAR OFF HIS LIFE! THAT'S WHY NO ONE IS PERMITTED TO LEAVE GHOST TOWN!



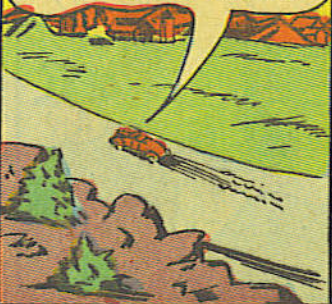
YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT A PRESIDENT OF GHOST TOWN.



OH, YES! WE GHOSTS REALIZED SOMETIME BACK THAT A DEMOCRACY IS THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT.



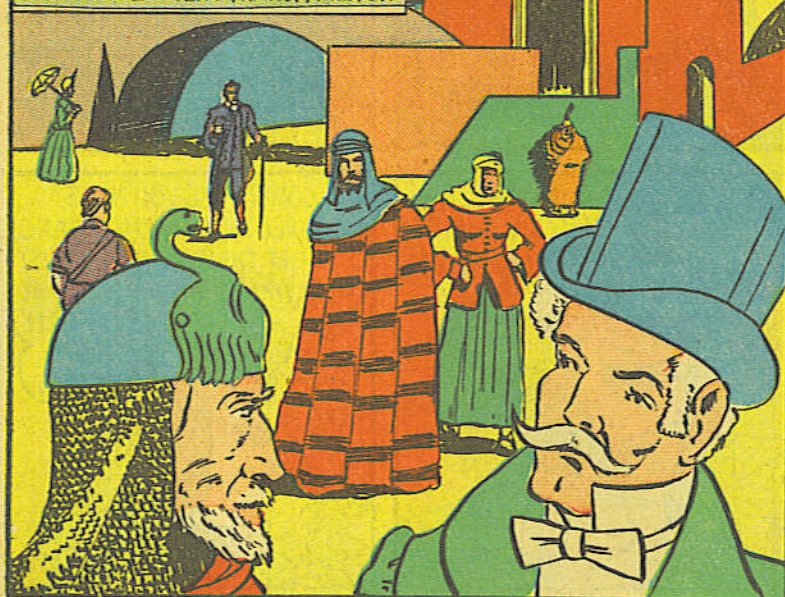
OF COURSE WE HAVE SOME FORMER KINGS WHO OBJECTED, BUT, HERE WE COME TO GHOST TOWN. NOW YOU WILL SEE THINGS FOR YOURSELF.



LEAVING THE CAR, SERGEANT SPOOK AND DOCTOR SHERLOCK ENTER THE GATES OF GHOST TOWN WITH THEIR PRISONERS.



IN GHOST TOWN, SERGEANT SPOOK IS SURPRISED TO FIND GHOSTS OF ALL RACES AND AGES DRESSED IN THE STYLE OF THE PERIOD IN WHICH THEY LIVED. BECAUSE EVERYONE IS A GHOST, THE PEOPLE AND BUILDINGS IN GHOST TOWN LOSE THEIR TRANSPARENCY.



HAVING LODGED JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG IN JAIL, DOCTOR SHERLOCK ANSWERS SOME OF SERGEANT SPOOK'S QUESTIONS.

HAVE YOU ANY POOR PEOPLE HERE? NO, WE HAVEN'T. EVERY ONE IS ALIKE. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MONEY.



LOOK AT THAT MAN OVER THERE PLAYING HIS VIOLIN AND TRYING TO KEEP WARM. OH-HIM? THAT'S NERO!



HIS GHOST LIFE WAS VERY UNHAPPY WHEN HE FIRST CAME HERE, BUT A SPECIAL DECREE FIXED THAT. NOW, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A CITY FIREMAN, HE IS ALLOWED TO BUILD A BONFIRE AND WHILE IT BURNS HE PLAYS HIS FIDDLE. HE'S HAPPY NOW.



YOU SEE MANY OF OUR GHOSTS BRING SOME OF THEIR FORMER TRAITS WITH THEM-LIKE JESSE JAMES FOR INSTANCE-WHO STILL ROBS TRAINS. BUT COME-I'LL TAKE YOU SIGHTSEEING.



JUST THEN, JESSE JAMES MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM.



NO YOU DON'T, PAL!



WITH THE JAMES GANG SAFELY BACK IN THE GHOST TOWN JAIL, SPOOK AND SHERLOCK START THEIR TOUR OF THE CITY.

I SEE YOU HAVE RABBLE ROUSERS HERE, TOO. WHO IS THAT?



DOWN WITH EVERYTHING! THAT'S JULIUS CAESAR! HE AND ALL THE OTHER FORMER KINGS AND EMPERORS ARE ALLOWED TO SHOOT OFF THEIR MOUTH ONCE A WEEK IN THIS PARK.



THEY'RE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, OF COURSE, BUT NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO THEM. THEY'RE FULL OF PROMISES—BUT THAT'S ALL



WHAT DOES CAESAR DO WHEN HE'S NOT COMPLAINING?

OH, HE FLOATS UP AND DOWN THE RIVER ON CLEOPATRA'S BARGE!

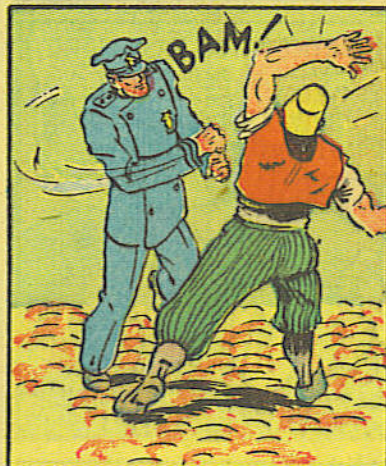


SUDDENLY SPOOK AND SHERLOCK HEAR A CRY OF HELP AND RUSH TO THE SCENE.

HELP! ROBBERS!



THEY CATCH UP TO THE THIEVES AND A BATTLE ROYAL FOLLOWS.



WHO ARE THESE GUYS?



THE FORTY THIEVES OF BAGDAD!



THAT WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP FOR A COUPLE OF ARABIAN NIGHTS!



THE THIEVES ARE SUBDUED AND PUT IN JAIL.

HOW COME THESE GANGS DON'T BREAK OUT OF JAIL BY WALKING THROUGH THE BARS OR WALLS?



WELL, YOU SEE, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN INVENTED A NEW TYPE GHOST PROOF STEEL AND THAT PREVENTS THEM FROM ESCAPING.



YOU SPOKE OF A PRESIDENT BEFORE. WHAT'S HIS NAME? THE FATHER OF OUR DEMOCRACY, GEORGE WASHINGTON! HE'S GIVEN US SOME GREAT LAWS—LAWS THAT KEEP US TOGETHER AS ONE PEOPLE



LOOK AT THE MOB COMING THROUGH THAT GATE OVER THERE!



YES-OUR POPULATION IS MOUNTING RAPIDLY, THESE PEOPLE ARE FROM THE WAR-TORN WORLD. THEY HAVE TRAVELED FAR TO REACH OUR DEMOCRATIC GHOST TOWN BECAUSE THEY REALIZE TOO WELL HOW WRONG DICTATORSHIPS ARE



LISTEN-SOMEONE'S RINGING A BELL!

YES, MY FRIEND! THAT'S THE TOWN CRIER. LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE! TOMORROW BEGINS THE TRIAL OF THE JESSE JAMES GANG-BEFORE JUSTICE KING SOLOMON!



JUSTICE WORKS FAST HERE, DOESN'T IT?

YES, WE DON'T WASTE TIME! BUT COME-YOU MUST SPEND THE NIGHT AT MY HOUSE.



THE NEXT DAY SPOOK AND SHERLOCK MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE COURT HOUSE

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'LL DO TO THIS GANG? FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW. WE DON'T HAVE A TRIAL VERY OFTEN IN GHOST TOWN.



SPOOK AND SHERLOCK ENTER THE CROWDED COURT HOUSE.



I SEE THE JAMES GANG HAS HIRED THE BEST LAWYER IN GHOST TOWN TO DEFEND THEM-PATRICK HENRY.

AND HE'S OPPOSED BY OUR NEW D.A. - DANIEL WEBSTER. THIS SHOULD BE SOME BATTLE!



ORDER IN THE COURT! THE TRIAL OF THE STATE VS. JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG IS READY TO BEGIN.



JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG ARE CHARGED WITH LEAVING GHOST TOWN WITHOUT A PERMIT AND STEALING FROM MORTALS!

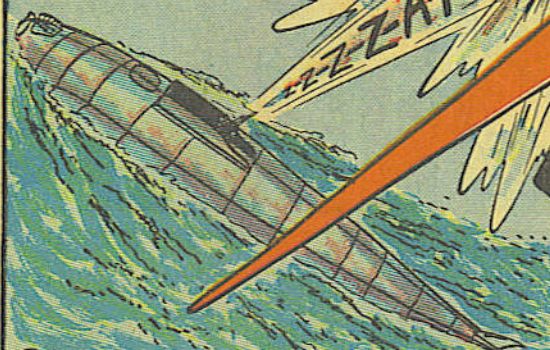
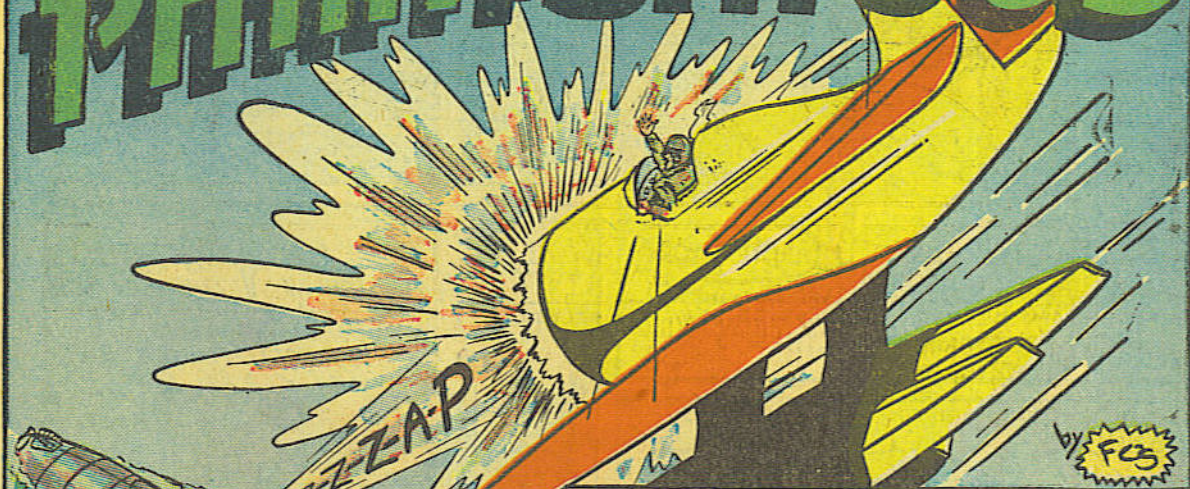


BOY! I'M SURE LEARNING A LOT! I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO TO JESSE JAMES?



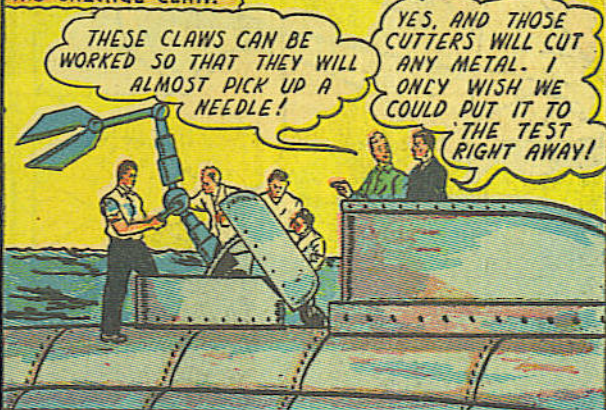
NEXT MONTH
Sergeant
SPOOK
AND THE TRIAL OF
JESSE JAMES

The PHANTOM SUB



OUTLAWED, BUT ALWAYS SEEKING TO RIGHT WRONGS, THE PHANTOM SUB ROAMS THE SEAS. INSTRUMENTAL IN THE PHANTOM SUB'S FIGHT AGAINST NAUTICAL CRIME IS THE INGENUOUS WATER GUN WHICH SHOOTS PROJECTILES OF ELECTRIFIED WATER. NOW ANOTHER CLEVER INVENTION COMES TO LIGHT - THE SALVAGE CLAW!

IN MID-PACIFIC, THE PHANTOM SUB'S CREW IS INSTALLING THE SALVAGE CLAW.



THESE CLAWS CAN BE WORKED SO THAT THEY WILL ALMOST PICK UP A NEEDLE!

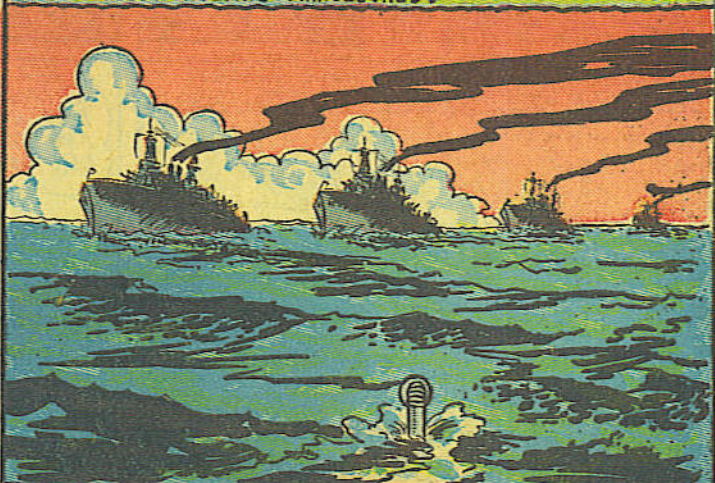
YES, AND THOSE CUTTERS WILL CUT ANY METAL. I ONLY WISH WE COULD PUT IT TO THE TEST RIGHT AWAY!

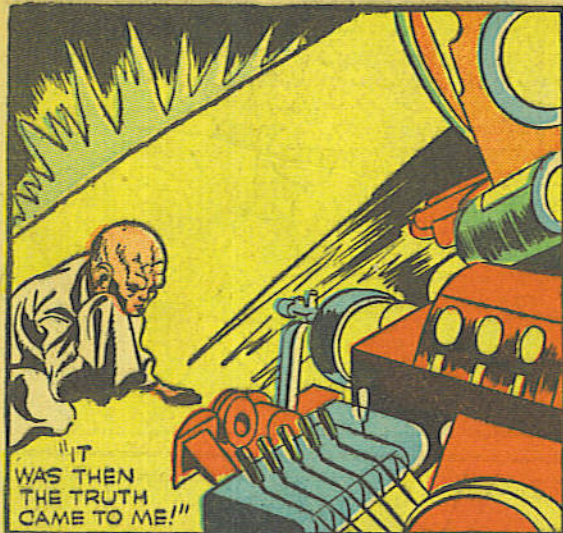
A LARGE FLEET OF SHIPS TO STARBOARD, JACK!

WE'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE THEN. FOLD IN THE CLAW AND STAND BY TO SUBMERGE!

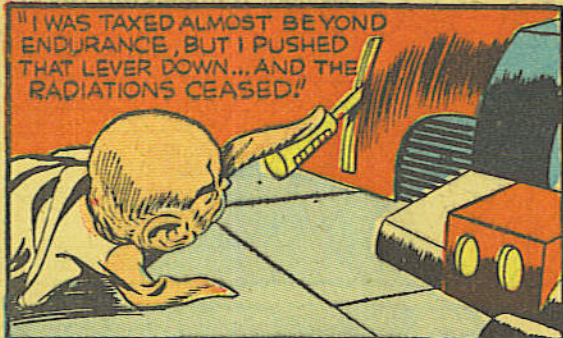


THE ONCOMING SHIPS TURN OUT TO BE THE UNITED STATES BATTLE FLEET HOLDING MANOEUVRES.

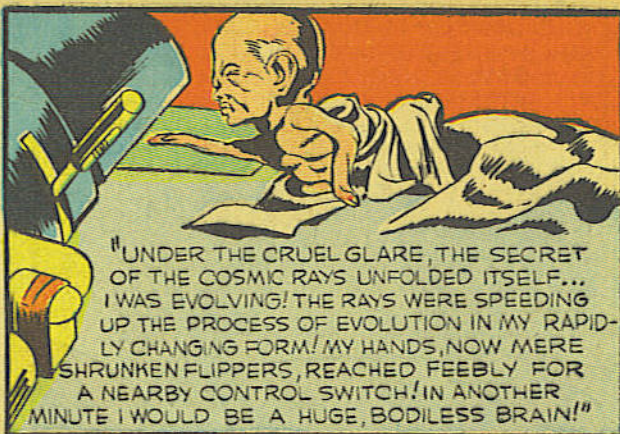




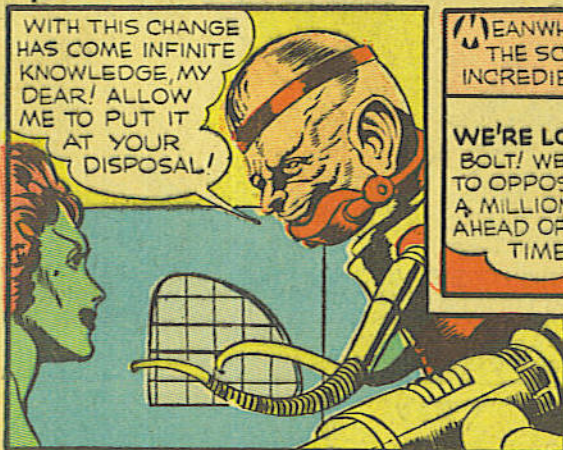
"IT WAS THEN THE TRUTH CAME TO ME!"



"I WAS TAXED ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE, BUT I PUSHED THAT LEVER DOWN... AND THE RADIATIONS CEASED!"



"UNDER THE CRUEL GLARE, THE SECRET OF THE COSMIC RAYS UNFOLDED ITSELF... I WAS EVOLVING! THE RAYS WERE SPEEDING UP THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION IN MY RAPIDLY CHANGING FORM! MY HANDS, NOW WERE SHRUNKEN FLIPPERS, REACHED FEEBLY FOR A NEARBY CONTROL SWITCH! IN ANOTHER MINUTE I WOULD BE A HUGE, BODILESS BRAIN!"



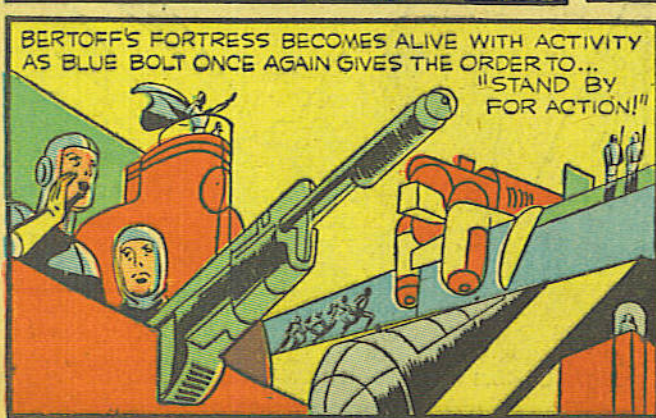
WITH THIS CHANGE HAS COME INFINITE KNOWLEDGE, MY DEAR! ALLOW ME TO PUT IT AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

MEANWHILE, DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT WITNESS THE SCENE BETWEEN THE GREEN SORCERESS AND HER INCREDIBLE ALLY... BERTOFF GASPS IN DESPAIR!

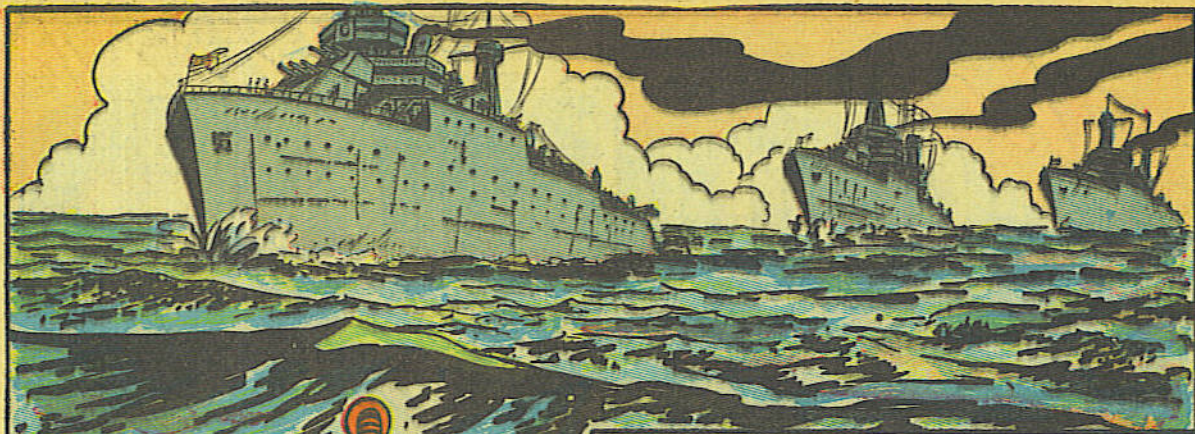
WE'RE LOST... BLUE BOLT! WE CAN'T HOPE TO OPPOSE A MIND A MILLION YEARS AHEAD OF OUR TIME!



HE'LL STILL FIND US READY!

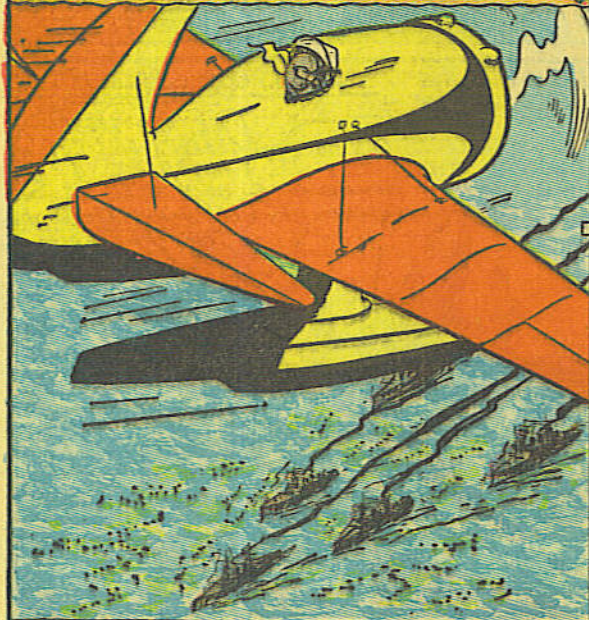


BERTOFF'S FORTRESS BECOMES ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY AS BLUE BOLT ONCE AGAIN GIVES THE ORDER TO... "STAND BY FOR ACTION!"

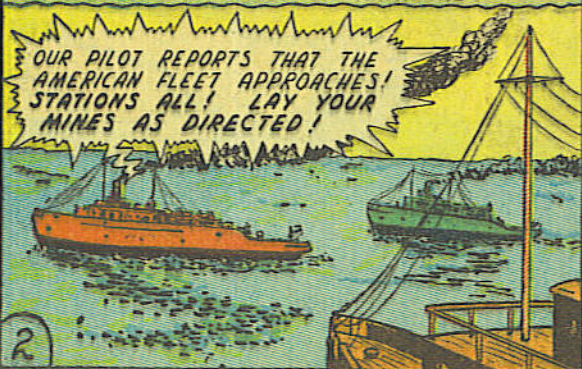


SAFELY BENEATH THE WAVES, THE PHANTOM CREW WITH PRIDE AND PANGS OF HOMESICKNESS WATCHES THE FLEET.

MEANWHILE - HIGH IN THE AIR, A STRANGE, UN-IDENTIFIED PLANE WATCHES THE U.S. FLEET.



NOT MANY MILES AWAY - THE PILOT'S MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY A FLEET OF TRAWLERS.



BOY, AREN'T THEY THE BEAUTIES!

YEAH, BUT WITH THE PHANTOM WE COULD SINK THE WHOLE LOT! COULDN'T WE, JACK?

RIGHT, AND THAT IS WHY THIS SUB MUST NEVER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF ANY FOREIGN POWER! BUT RIGHT NOW WE'D BE SAFER ELSEWHERE!



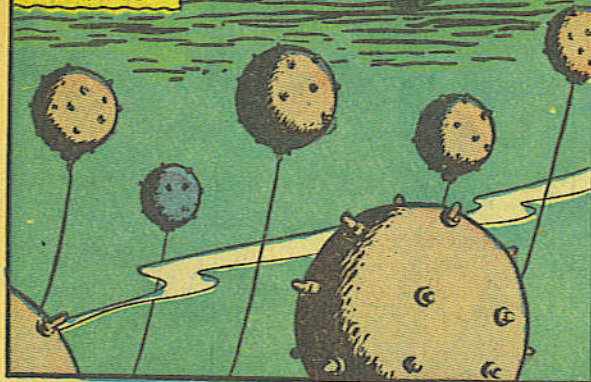
CALLING CAPTAIN GORLING! UNITED STATES FLEET IS PROCEEDING AS EXPECTED NOW IS THE TIME!



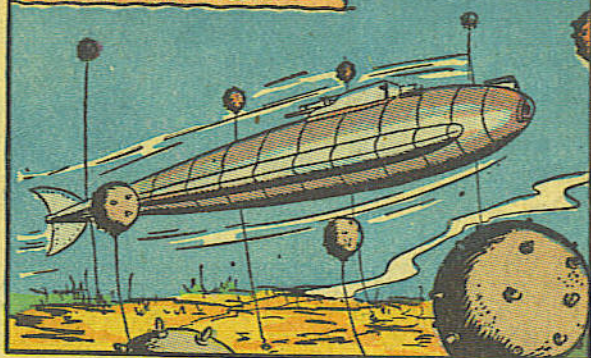
AHA! THAT AMERICAN FLEET WILL BE RIGHT IN THIS MINE FIELD BEFORE THEY REALIZE A THING! POOF! - AND THERE IS NO FLEET! THEN, UNMOLESTED OUR ARMIES SHALL SWEEP THE U.S.!



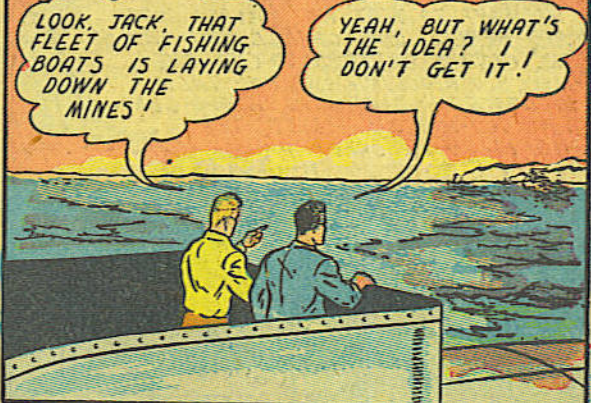
SOON THE TRAWLERS HAVE STUDDED THE SEA WITH THE MINES.



NOW, FAR AHEAD OF THE U.S. FLEET, THE PHANTOM SUB NARROWLY AVERTS DISASTER AS IT SPEEDS INTO THE MINE FIELD.



INSIDE THE SUB.



HIGH OVERHEAD THE UNIDENTIFIED PILOT SEES THE PHANTOM SUB.

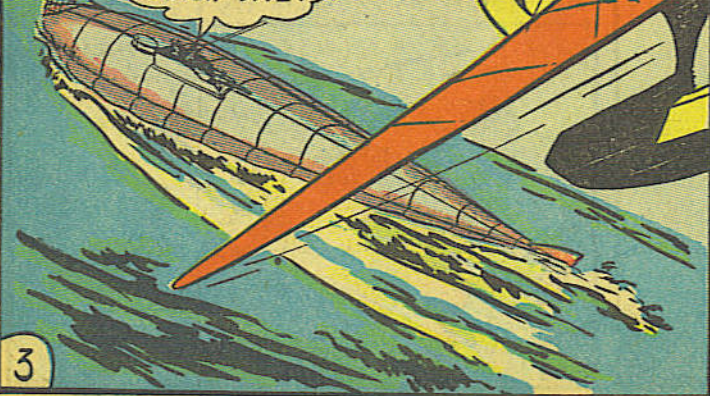


HA, HA! THIS WILL BE LIKE SWATTING FLIES!

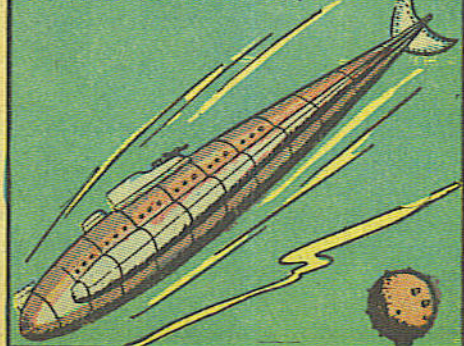
HA, HA! THIS WILL BE LIKE SWATTING FLIES!

WHY THE DIRTY RAT'S STRAFING US! DOWN THE HATCH!

CRASH DIVE!



BUT THE BOYS ESCAPE THE RAIN OF BULLETS AS THE PHANTOM SUB CRASH-DIVES TO SAFETY.



HEY - THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS! FIRST WE'RE ALMOST BLOWN UP BY MINES, THEN WE'RE MACHINE-GUNNED BY A PLANE!

IT'S EVIDENT THAT WHOEVER IT IS DOESN'T WANT US AROUND.

THIS IS JUST THE CHANCE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

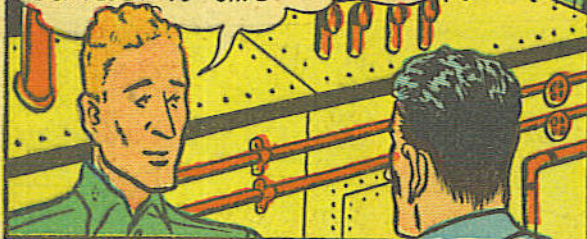


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SLIM?

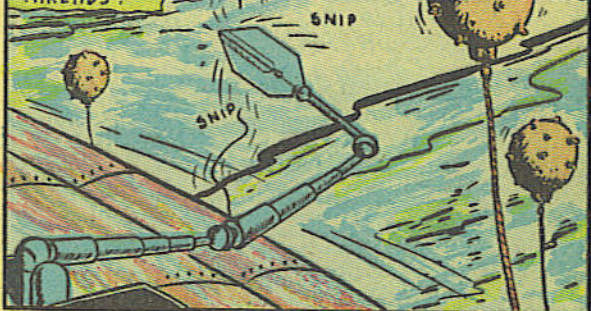
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE A PLOT TO BLOW UP THE U.S. NAVY! IT'S UP TO US TO DESTROY THOSE MINES!



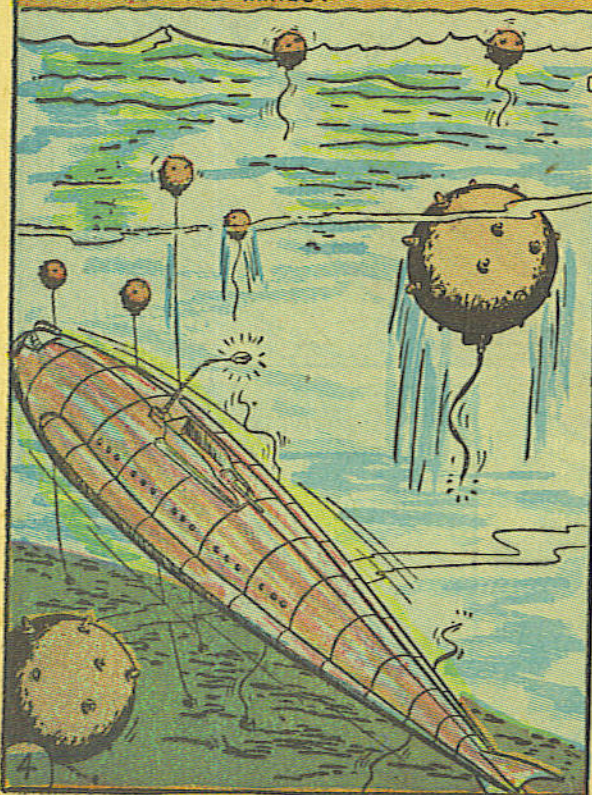
WE WANT TO TEST THE SALVAGE CLAW AND HERE'S OUR CHANCE. WE CAN USE THE CLAW'S CUTTERS TO CUT THE MINE'S ANCHORING CABLES, THEN DETONATE THEM WITH THE WATER-GUN! WITH THE MINES EXPLODED, THE U.S. FLEET IS SAFE!



SO INTO USE COMES THE PHANTOM SUB'S NEW SALVAGE CLAW OPERATED FROM INSIDE THE SUB. THE CUTTING TEETH OF THE CLAW NIP THE HEAVY MINE CABLES AS THOUGH THEY WERE THREADS!



AS THE U.S. FLEET RAPIDLY NEARS THE MINE FIELD, THE PHANTOM SUB'S CREW WORKS FEVERISHLY TO RELEASE THE MINES.

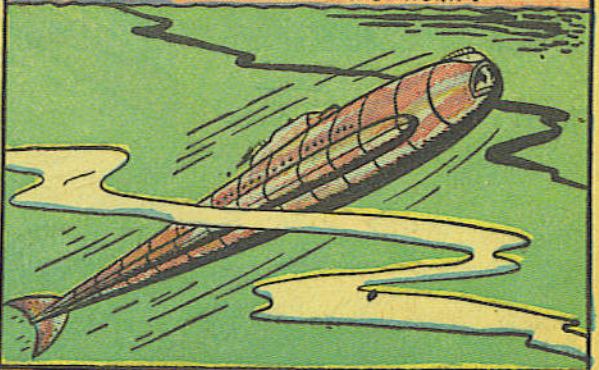


WELL, JACK THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!

GOOD! NOW TO THE SURFACE TO DETONATE THEM. HAVE THE WATER GUN READY IN CASE THAT PLANE IS STILL AROUND!

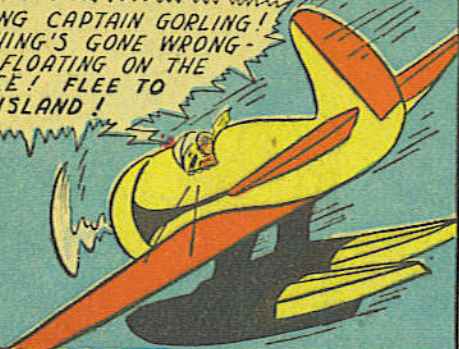


LIKE A BULLET THE PHANTOM SUB SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE TO COMPLETE ITS WORK.

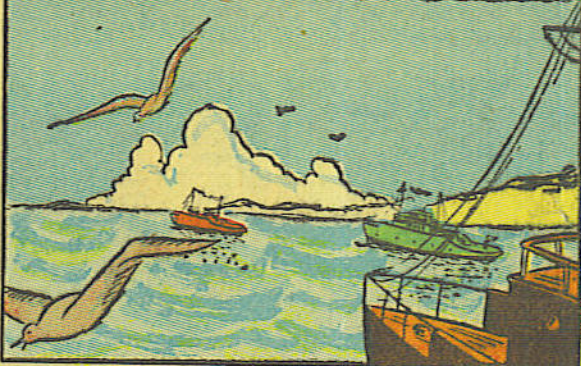


MEANWHILE - IN THE PLANE OVERHEAD, THE PILOT SEES THE FLOATING MINES AND RADIOS THE TRAWLERS.

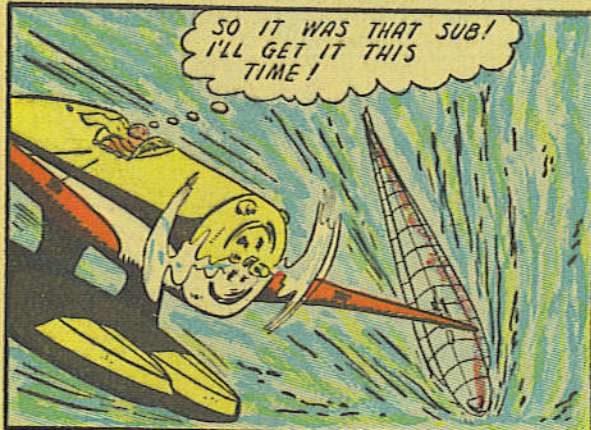
CALLING CAPTAIN GORLING!
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG -
MINES FLOATING ON THE
SURFACE! FLEE TO
THE ISLAND!



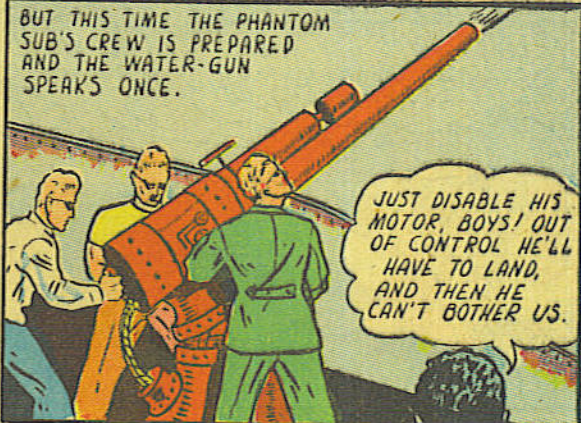
RECEIVING THE MESSAGE, THE TRAWLER FLEET
HEADS TOWARD A SMALL DIM ISLAND.



SO IT WAS THAT SUB!
I'LL GET IT THIS
TIME!

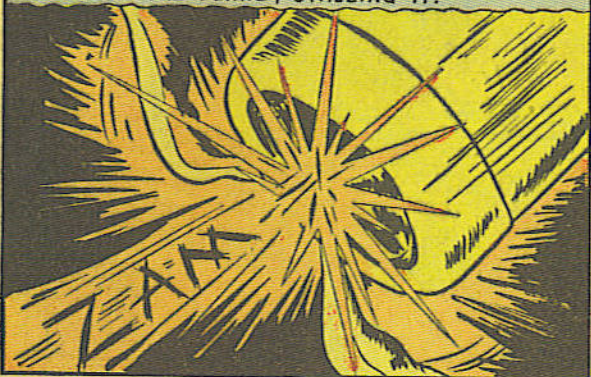


BUT THIS TIME THE PHANTOM
SUB'S CREW IS PREPARED
AND THE WATER-GUN
SPEAKS ONCE.



JUST DISABLE HIS
MOTOR, BOYS! OUT
OF CONTROL HE'LL
HAVE TO LAND,
AND THEN HE
CAN'T BOTHER US.

THE ELECTRIFIED PROJECTILE SMASHES INTO THE
MOTOR OF THE PLANE, STALLING IT.

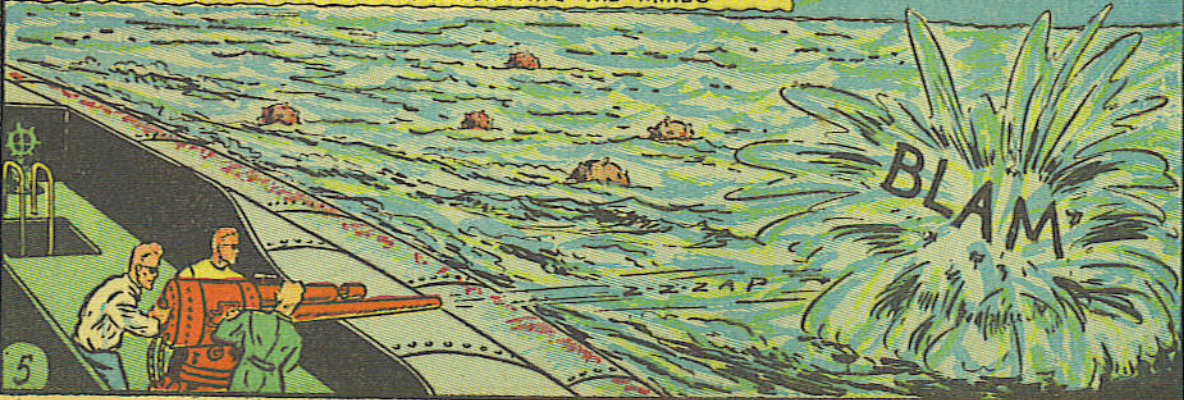


LOOK! THE PLANE
HAS BURST INTO
FLAMES! HE'S
CRASHING!



POOR DEVIL, HE
SHOULD HAVE CUT
THE IGNITION. WELL -
WE DID GIVE HIM
A CHANCE - WHICH
IS MORE THAN HE
WAS GIVING US.

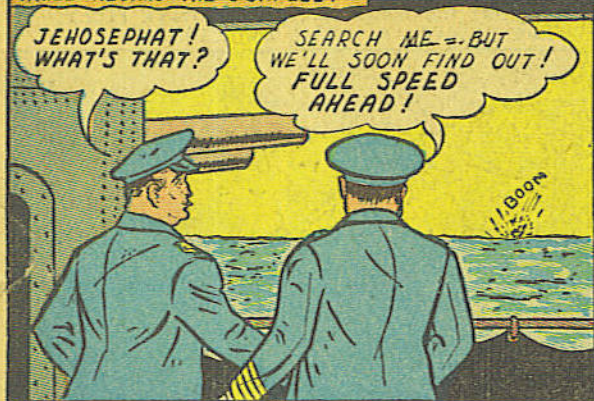
SOON THE SUB IS SPEEDING ALONG, DETONATING THE MINES -



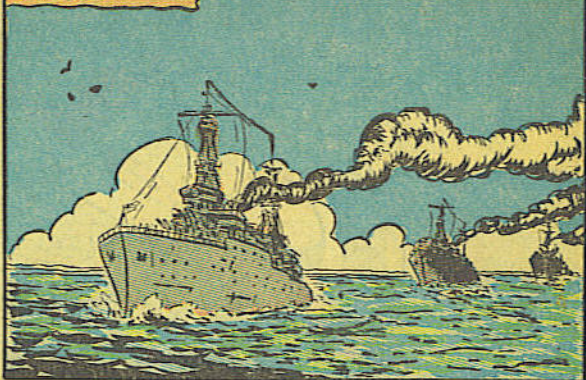
WHILE ABOARD THE U.S. FLEET—

JEOSEPHAT!
WHAT'S THAT?

SEARCH ME—BUT
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
FULL SPEED
AHEAD!



UNDER FORCED DRAFT THE U.S. FLEET LEAPS
AHEAD.



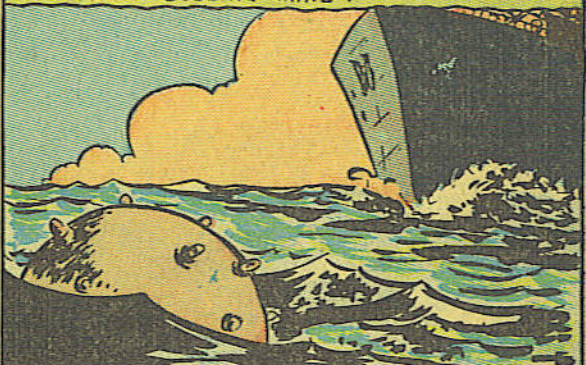
ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB—

I GUESS WE'VE GOT THEM
ALL, BOYS. HERE COMES
THE FLEET! — LET'S GO!

NO, WAIT!
LOOK!



DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF AN ONRUSHING CRUISER
THEY SEE A BOBBING MINE!

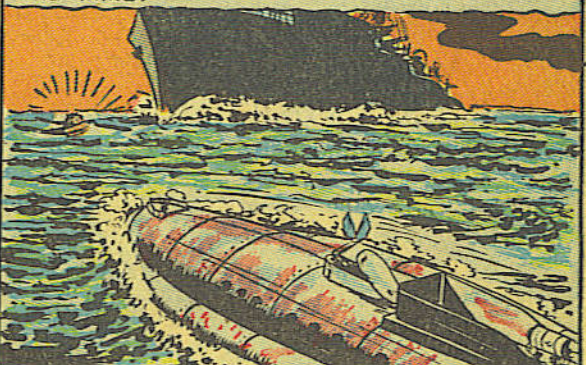


THEY DON'T SEE IT!
THEY'LL BE BLOWN
TO BITS!

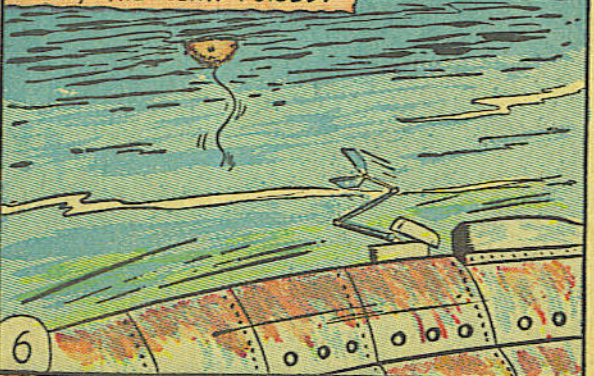
FULL SPEED
AHEAD! AND
SWING OUT THE
SALVAGE
CLAW!



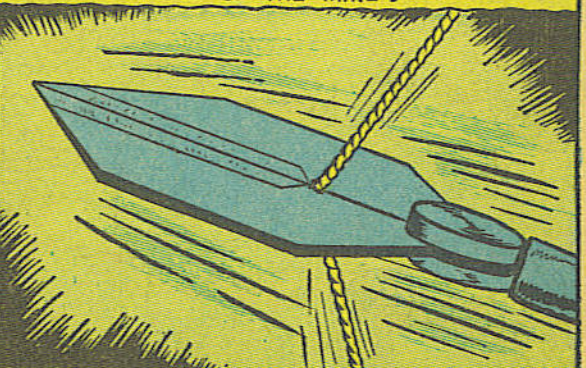
AT FULL SPEED THE SUB RACES TO REACH
THE MINE.



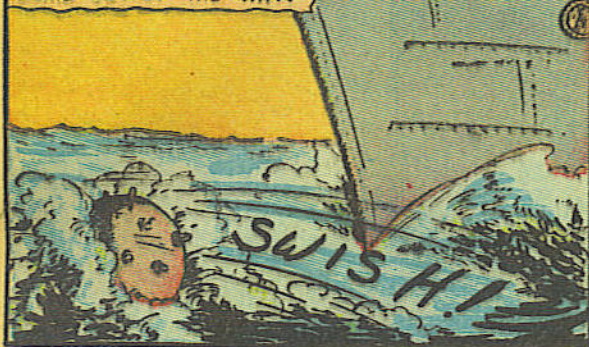
GETTING THERE FIRST, THE SUB DIVES UNDER THE
MINE, THE CLAW POISED.



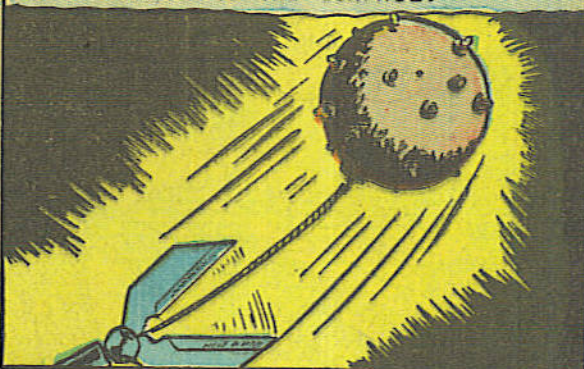
WITH A SNAP, THE FLAT JAWS CLOSE ON THE
DANGLING CABLE OF THE MINE.



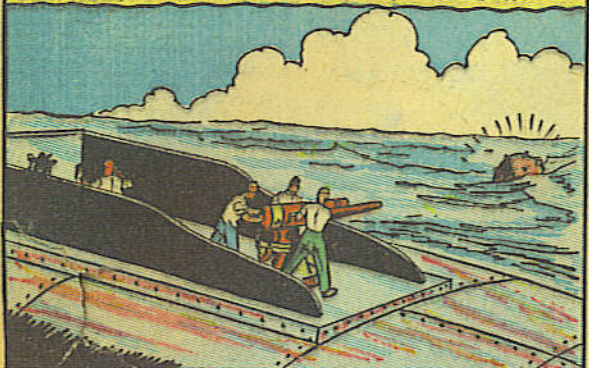
JUST AS THE CRUISER IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE MINE, THE PHANTOM SUB PULLS THE SPIKED BOMB OUT OF THE WAY.



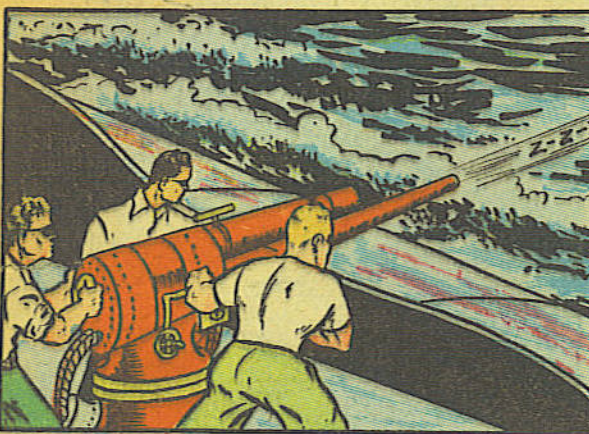
THEN THE SALVAGE CLAW RELEASES THE MINE, AND IT SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE.



QUICKLY THE PHANTOM SUB BREAKS THE SURFACE, THE CREW LEAPS TO THE GUN.



A PROJECTILE OF COMPRESSED WATER DETONATES THE MINE BEFORE THOSE ON BOARD THE CRUISER REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING.



THE CONCUSSION ROCKS THE CRUISER — AND THE CREW TURNS IN AMAZEMENT.

WHAT WAS THAT?

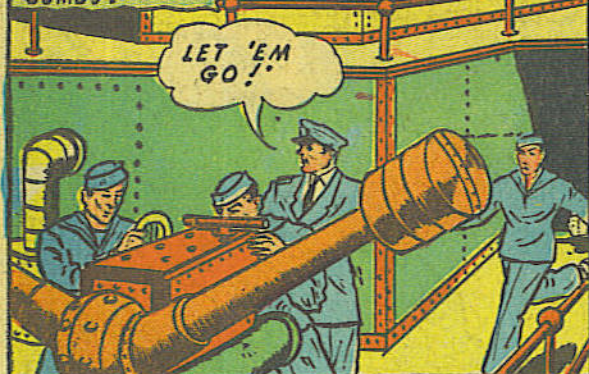
LOOK, IT'S A SUBMARINE!
THE PHANTOM SUB!
IT MUST BE TRYING TO SINK US!



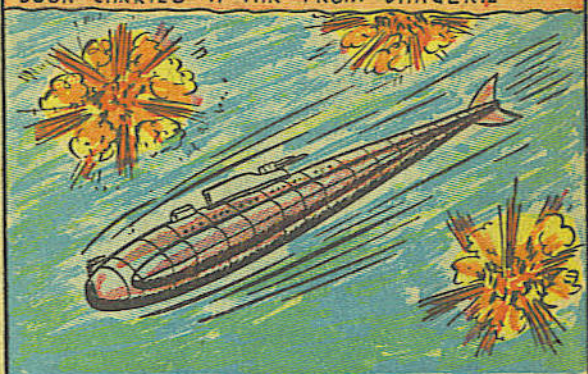
GET THAT SUB IF YOU HAVE TO
USE EVERY DEPTH BOMB ABOARD!
RADIO THE OTHER SHIPS TO BE ON
THE LOOKOUT!
MAN THE HYDROPHONES!
IT CAN'T GET AWAY!



THE BATTLESHIPS FILL THE WATER WITH DEPTH BOMBS.



BUT THE UNBELIEVABLE SPEED OF THE SUB SOON CARRIES IT FAR FROM DANGER.



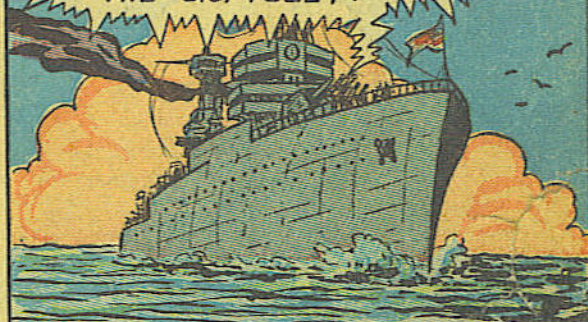
ABOARD THE CRUISER—

THAT SUB HAS COMPLETELY VANISHED, SIR! NEITHER OUR HYDROPHONES NOR THOSE OF THE OTHER SHIPS CAN TRACE IT!

WE'LL GET IT YET! HAVE A MESSAGE SENT TO EVERY SHIP AT SEA, WARNING THEM OF THAT SUB!



ALL CRAFT BE ON LOOKOUT FOR PHANTOM SUB! — IT HAS JUST TRIED TO WRECK THE U.S. FLEET!



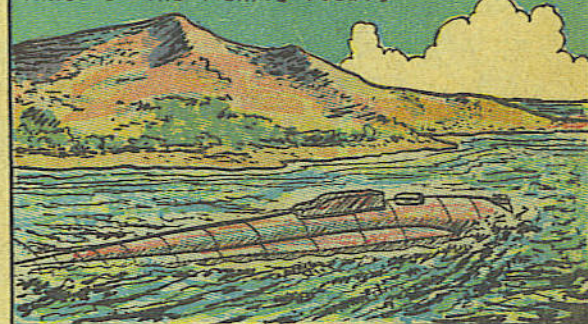
ABOARD THE SUB THEY HEAR THE RADIO MESSAGE.

THERE WE GO AGAIN. WE SAVE THE FLEET AND WE'RE BLAMED FOR TRYING TO WRECK IT!

FORGET IT, TED. OUR JOB NOW IS TO FIND THOSE TRAWLERS!

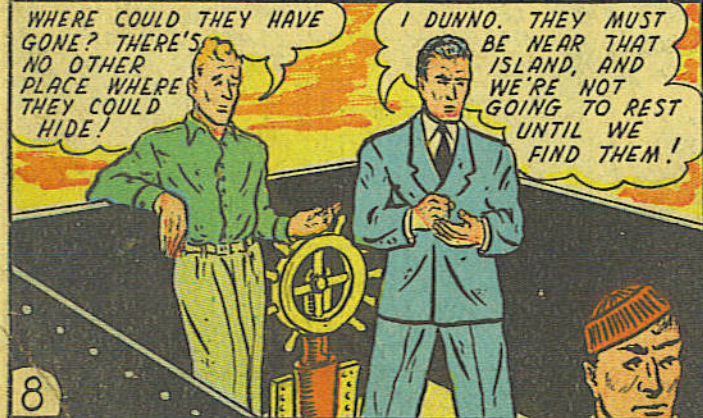


THE LEE OF THE SMALL ISLAND IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE TRAWLERS COULD HIDE, YET A CAREFUL SEARCH FAILS TO REVEAL ANY TRACE OF THE FISHING FLEET.



WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE? THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE WHERE THEY COULD HIDE!

I DUNNO. THEY MUST BE NEAR THAT ISLAND, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO REST UNTIL WE FIND THEM!



THE LIFE OF OUTLAWS IS PROVING DIFFICULT FOR OUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS. THEY FOIL A DIRE PLOT AND INSTEAD OF RECEIVING PRAISE FOR THEIR EFFORT, THEY ARE THOUGHT GUILTY OF TRYING TO DESTROY THE U.S. FLEET! BUT WILL THEY FIND THE REAL CRIMINALS — THE TRAWLERS AND THEIR CREWS? ANOTHER PHANTOM SUB EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

OF
BLUE BOLT COMICS!

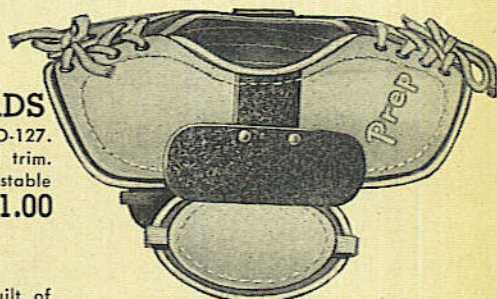
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

START YOUR TREASURE CHEST NOW!



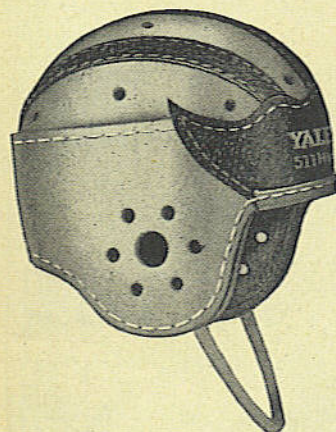
MO-128 — SHOULDER PADS

Made of the same material as the helmet MO-127. Matches it in color—white body with red trim. Has quilted padding; all edges bound. Adjustable for size. **\$1.00**



MO-127 — HELMET

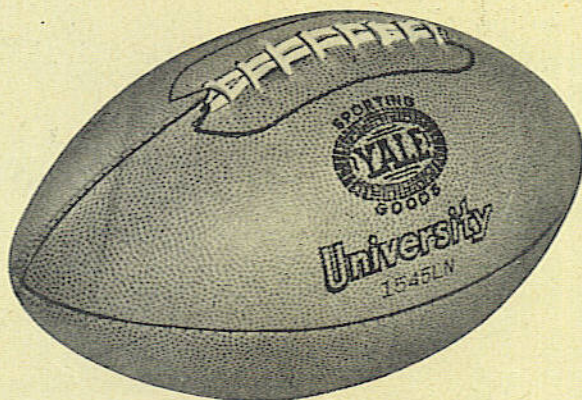
You can "buck the line" with this one. Built of durable white leatherette composition with two-strap red trim across top. A perfect match for shoulder pads MO-128. Colorful wing front with leather bound edge. White felt lined; inner web shock absorber. **\$1.00**



MO-103 UNIVEX CAMERA

Black molded plastic camera about 3½" x 2" x 2½" deep. Takes pictures 1½" x 1⅞" which can be enlarged easily to any size up to 5" x 7".

40c

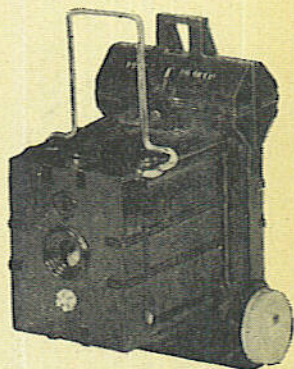


MO-126 — FOOTBALL

You'll be pleased with this ball. It's OFFICIAL size. Will stand up under hard usage. Made of 4-ply double texture fabric, hand tipped grain. Equipped with rubber valve bladder—(not the old tube kind)—and inflating needle. Comes to you deflated, already laced with white leather lace. **\$1.00**

MO-129 — FOOTBALL (not illustrated)

Made of genuine top grain cowhide. Official size; double lined; all rubber valve bladder; inflating needle. You'll be amazed at the fine quality of this ball. And what a beauty! It looks like real money—and it is, too. Comes deflated, already laced. **\$2.00**



MO-108 LITTLE MASTER PRINTING PRESS

Constructed of steel in 3 color finish. Fully equipped with automatic inker, steel ink plate, solid rubber roller, font of 12 point metal type, ink and brush, paper and instructions. Easy to set—simple to operate. Weight approx. 2½ lbs.

\$1.00

Send Your Order and Remittance to

Treasure House Dept.

115 West 19th Street
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.




It will be necessary for customers living in Canada to pay all duty charges upon delivery of merchandise.



BOYS! GIRLS! Enjoy HOME PICTURE SHOWS SEND FOR THE AMAZING *Super* **COMICSCOPE**

It's new—it's wonderful. Have a barrel of fun with this comic projector. Flash your favorite magazine or newspaper comics on the screen in full color—big and brilliant. Be a 'Picture Star' at home. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give shows and charge admission. Make money! Any boy or girl can afford to own the thrilling new Comicscope. It's all yours for only 25c plus a three cent postage stamp for mailing cost. No coupons to save. Nothing else to buy. Draw your own comics and screen them. Find fame and fortune!

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PENDING

**REAL
PROJECTOR
NOT A TOY!**

NOW YOU CAN "TAKE" your own screen test. Screen your friends—your family—don't spend money—your own photographs can be used for films. This new invention permits you to do your own testing—inexpensively and quickly—and in all sizes.

THRILLS! DRAMA! ACTION!



**ONLY
25¢
COMPLETE**

Everything included! Comicscope—tube and lens. Remember the Comicscope operates on A. C. or D. C. current and will screen any picture and colored comics in their exact color.

**COMICSCOPE
CO. of AMERICA**

Dept. C, 225 W. 57th St.
New York City

Please rush me one Giant Camera COMICSCOPE, complete with lens, for which I enclose the full price of 25 cents in coin, plus a 3 cent stamp for mailing.

**THIS OFFER IS FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY—SO DO NOT DELAY**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY OR TOWN _____ STATE _____

PRINT CLEARLY OFFER GOOD IN U. S. A. ONLY IN CANADA ADD 5¢



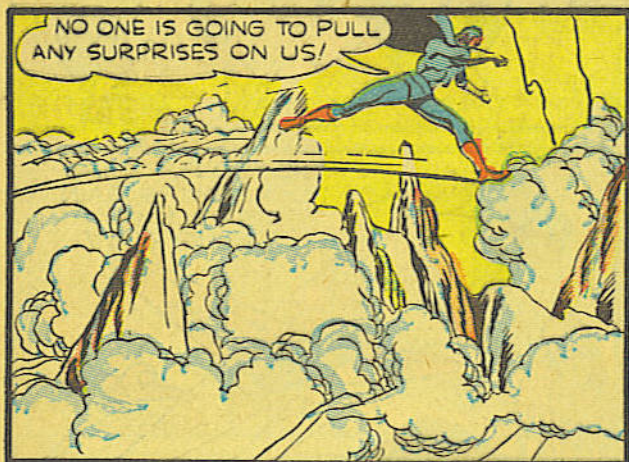
DAYS PASS WITH NO SIGN OF THE ENEMY. BLUE BOLT AND HIS MEN WAIT EXPECTANTLY AT THEIR POSTS—

THE TENSION SHOWS ON EVERY FACE!



THE WITCH AND BIGHEAD MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING MORE DIABOLICAL THAN INVASION... I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

IMPATIENT, BLUE BOLT HEADS FOR THE GREEN KINGDOM.



NO ONE IS GOING TO PULL ANY SURPRISES ON US!



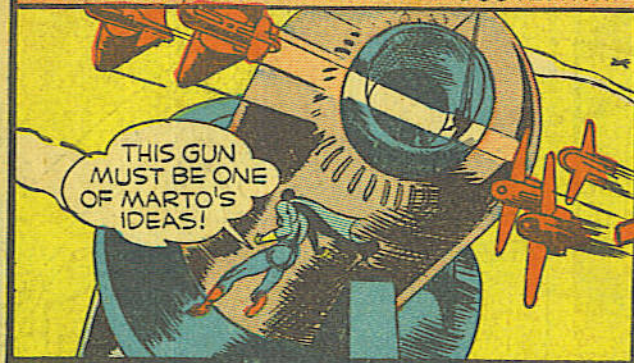
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE GREEN KINGDOM, THE AIR BECOMES THICK WITH ROCKET PATROLS, FORCING BLUE BOLT TO SEEK COVER IN THE VALLEYS!



IT CAN'T BE! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THAT MONSTER WILL DECIMATE OUR FORT WITH ITS FIRST DISCHARGE!

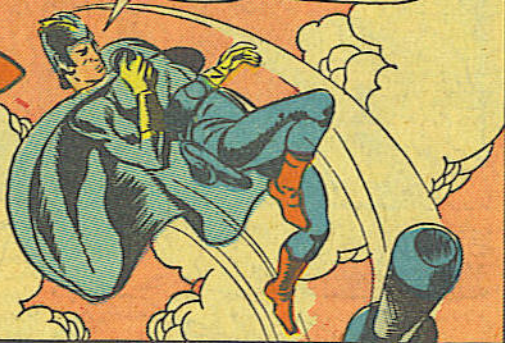
HAVING SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED THE SEARCHING EYES OF THE SCOUT PATROL, BLUE BOLT SAFELY REACHES THE SNOW-BOUND KINGDOM, AND IS GREETED BY A PANORAMA THAT MAKES HIM RECOIL IN HORROR! NEARING THE STAGE OF COMPLETION, ITS GREAT METAL SNOUT ALMOST CLEARING THE ICY PEAKS SURROUNDING IT, A GIGANTIC FORCE GUN SQUATS LIKE A HUGE METAL MONSTER ON THE GROUND BELOW... ANT-LIKE, THOUSANDS OF HUMAN BEINGS SWARM OVER ITS MONSTROUS FRAME... LIKE DRONING BEES, ROCKETSHIPS FLASH AROUND THIS TREMENDOUS MORTAR!

VENTURING TO GET A CLOSER VIEW OF THE HUGE GUN, BLUE BOLT RISKS DISCOVERY....



...AND THEN LOSES NO TIME IN CALLING BERTOFF TO WARN HIM AND HIS ARMY OF THE IMPENDING DANGER!

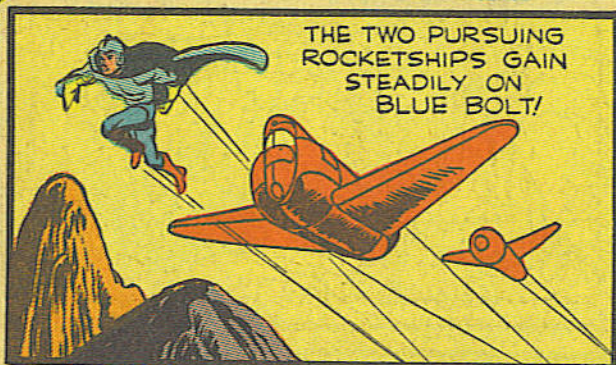
SEND OUT ALL BOMBING ROCKETS AVAILABLE! THIS GUN HAS GOT TO BE DESTROYED BEFORE IT IS COMPLETED!



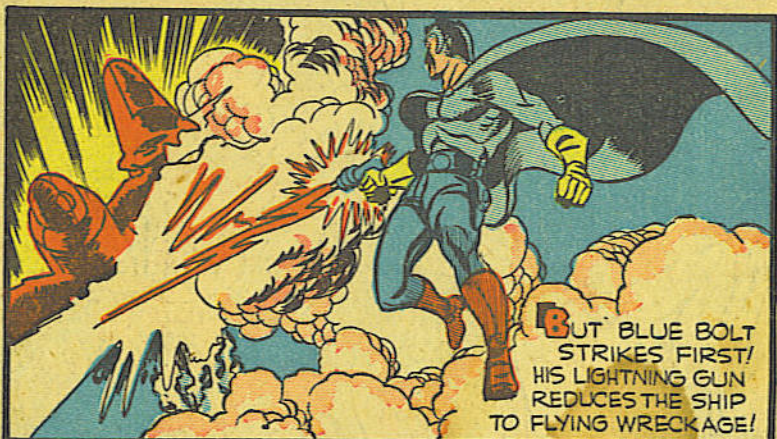
I'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY PATROL ROCKETS! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT MY WAY BACK... GOOD HUNTING, BERTOFF!



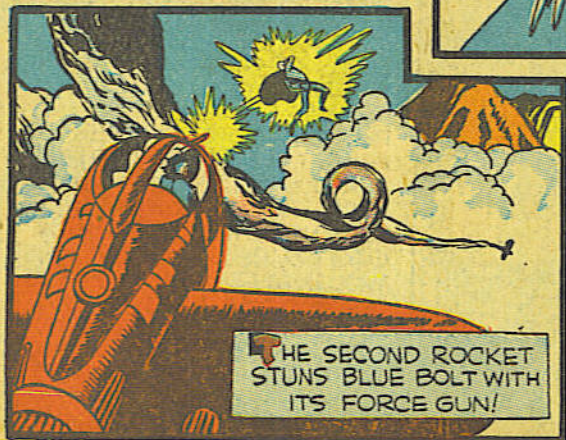
THE TWO PURSUING ROCKETSHIPS GAIN STEADILY ON BLUE BOLT!



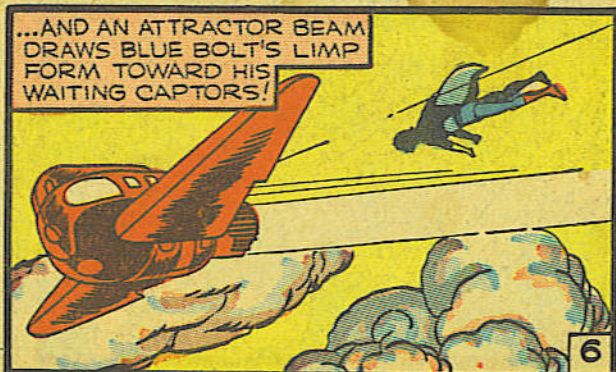
THAT'S BLUE BOLT! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY! BRING HIM DOWN, GHART!



THE SECOND ROCKET STUNS BLUE BOLT WITH ITS FORCE GUN!



...AND AN ATTRACTOR BEAM DRAWS BLUE BOLT'S LIMP FORM TOWARD HIS WAITING CAPTORS!



THIS IS ROCKET OFFICER LHANOS,
OF PURSUIT ROCKET "9".
I BEG TO REPORT THE CAPTURE
OF BLUE BOLT, YOUR
MAJESTY!

SUDDENLY MARTO'S HUGE HEAD
FILLS THE TELE-SCREEN ...

HER MAJESTY REQUESTS
YOU BRING THE
PRISONER TO ME
AS SOON AS
YOU LAND!

YOU'VE GOT
ME, GENIUS.
WHAT
NOW?

SO YOU'RE BLUE
BOLT! I'VE
HEARD OF
YOUR MANY
MARVELOUS
ATTRIBUTES

LATER... IN THE
SORCERESS'
PALACE...

YOU'RE THE PERFECT
PHYSICAL HUMAN, BLUE
BOLT. WERE YOUR BODY
TO HOUSE MY INTELLIGENCE,
I WOULD
BE A GOD
AMONG
MEN!

I DON'T FOLLOW YOUR LINE OF THOUGHT,
MARTO! BUT I CAN TELL YOU
THIS... THAT GUN OF YOURS
WILL NEVER BE COMPLETED!
MY MEN HAVE ORDERS
TO DESTROY IT AT ANY
COST! I KNOW THE
POWER OF YOUR THOUGHTS
ALONE CAN MATCH
THE STRENGTH OF MY
ARMY. BUT YOU'LL FIND
EVERY MAN IN MY FORCES
WILL FIGHT AND DIE
BEFORE THEY SUBMIT
TO YOU!

THE GREEN
SORCERESS!

A NOBLE SPEECH,
BLUE BOLT.. THE
DEFEAT OF YOUR
ARMY IS BUT
ONLY A MINOR
ITEM IN MY
PLANS, THOUGH.
THIS IS MY
MAIN
OBJECT!

SHE'S IN A STATE
OF HYPNOSIS!

LOOK AT HER,
BLUE BOLT.. SHE'S
THE PERFECT
FEMALE... A FIT
MATE FOR A
GOD!